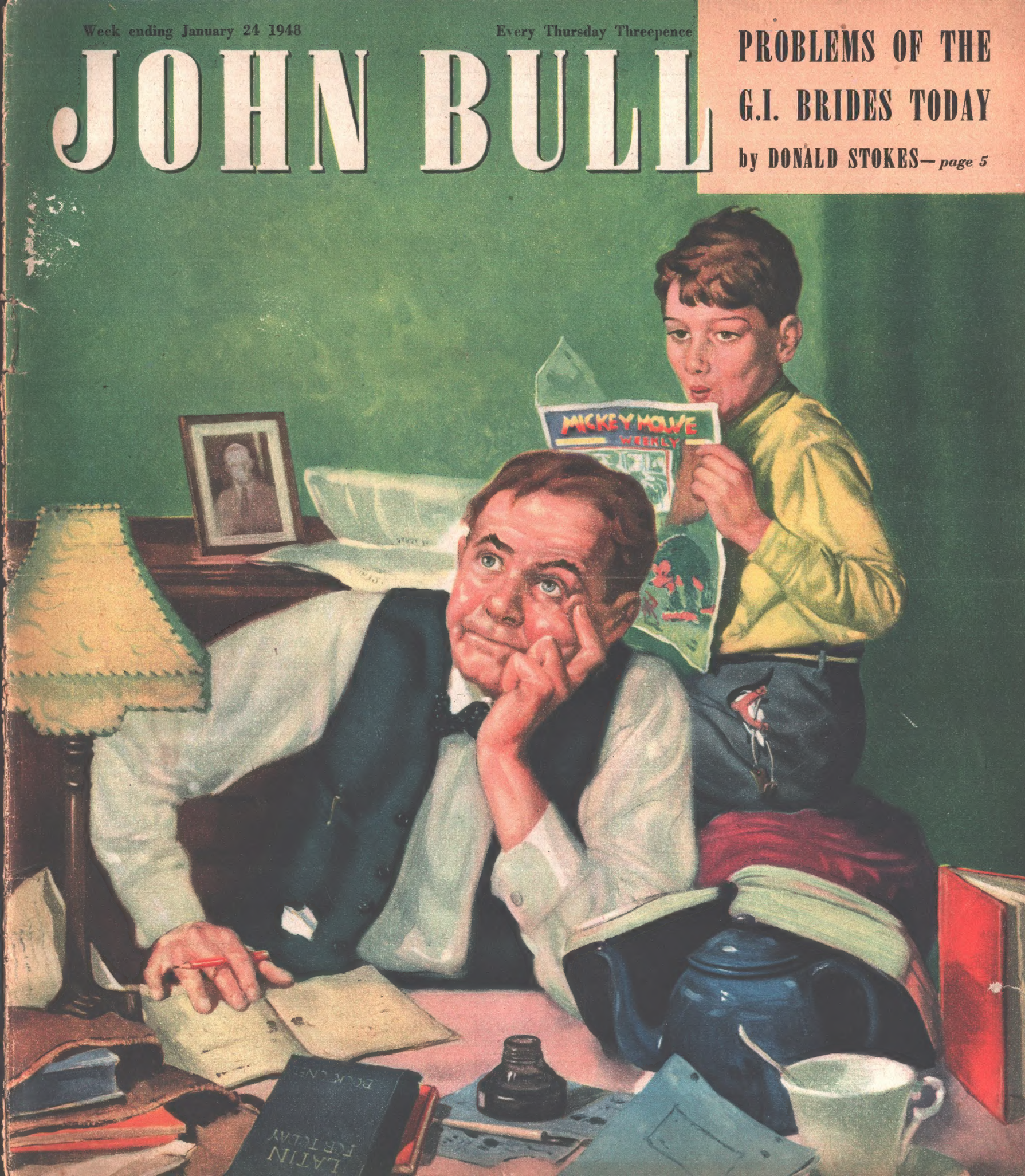
Week ending January 24 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

PROBLEMS OF THE G.I. BRIDES TODAY

by DONALD STOKES—*page 5*



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JANUARY 24, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2169

How Are We Doing?

WE KNOW ONLY TOO WELL by now what we must do just to keep our heads above water in the economic tidal wave which is threatening to engulf us. We have got to get along with less, work harder and export more. How are we doing?

By June, we must be selling abroad forty per cent more in volume of our goods than we did in 1938, and by December the rate must be sixty per cent above 1938.

By the end of last month we were still less than half way towards the June stage of the target and we were already having difficulty in persuading foreigners to buy British, because our prices were not always cheap enough.

Some exporters are, as JOHN BULL showed last week, sabotaging the effort by overcharging for their goods.

But that is only one of the handicaps which must be tackled without delay. Others, all equally urgent, are expensive costs of production, ca'canny working, antique manufacturing methods, wrong and poor design, shoddy quality and unattractive packing of goods.

Detailed planning of production will reduce delays and costs. Improved worker-management relations, plus willingness of both to hold back no effort, will also reduce costs.

Research and insistence on minimum standards of quality will both cheapen costs and increase selling power.

But time is fast running out. There is little more than five months in which to climb the rest of the way to the end-June export target of 140 per cent.

There is only one way to do it, and that is by getting a real sense of urgency across to everybody engaged in export—managements and workers alike.

We have not only got to work well. We have got to work faster, if we are going to beat the clock and win through in time.

"Basic" Prospects

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS SAYS: "No basic petrol yet," but restoration will be reconsidered earlier than mid-summer, which was the time at first intended.

This is the position after several months of incessant campaigning against the Government, and of stubborn refusal by Ministers to reverse the ban imposed last autumn.

While some of the complaints that have been made are obviously thin and even hypocritical, there is a real argument in favour of allowing a basic petrol ration even in hard times. It is simply this: that, in fact, very little private motoring is really for pleasure. The motor car is part of the machinery of people's lives.

Between the wars, hundreds of thousands built their lives round the family car. They went to live in places which would be impracticable without it. They formed a daily routine of work, travel and shopping and social contacts which depended on petrol.

And the hotel, catering, garage and entertainment industries were adapted to fit a nation on wheels.

Thus the effect of stopping basic petrol has been far more serious than merely to deprive a few lucky pleasure-seekers of weekend jaunts.

The Government, which perhaps did not at first fully realize this situation, undoubtedly does so now. It is not the unpopularity of the basic ban that matters, but the question of whether the saving in dollars really justifies the dislocation it has caused.

Can we afford basic petrol? Can we afford to do without it? It is on the practical answers to these two questions that the final issue must be decided.

Balancing Their Budgets

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT are hard up. Rising prices hit Westminster as well as Walham Green or Wolverhampton, and an M.P.'s thousand pounds a year is not all his to spend as he likes.

We need not be surprised if there is a move to increase that salary, or at least to supplement it by adding privileges such as free postage and secretarial help.

JOHN BULL does not say that your M.P.'s salary should be increased. But we do say that there is a case for investigating his money position.

The House of Commons today contains many sorts of men, from manual workers to millionaires. Yet at Westminster they all have to do the same job, and have much the same responsibilities and public demands on their purses. An M.P. with private means has few financial worries, but an M.P. with only his official salary may have to stint his family of necessities in order to continue his career of public service.

Evidence is conflicting as to how much of the thousand a year goes on unavoidable expenses such as subscriptions, postage, typing and entertaining.

One Member complains that he has only £3 15s. a week left to live on. Another contrives to keep about £9 a week for himself and his wife and children. But it seems certain that at least half the average Member's salary never reaches his family! This is not good enough.

We do not want to encourage people to stand for Parliament chiefly because it offers them a job with a fat salary. At the same time, we must not discourage able but poor men from entering politics.

Perhaps a solution will be found in freeing M.P.s from some of the compulsory outgoings which now keep them hard up.

In the Army Now

MR. SHINWELL DESERVES SUPPORT in his efforts to improve living conditions in the Army.

But he is up against more than the traditional obstinacy of military commanding officers. He is up against lack of money and materials for new barracks and other Army improvements.

Most of the Army's buildings are old and obsolete. They were put up in the days when anything was thought good enough for the peacetime soldier, and when regular officers could themselves escape much of the squalor through their special privileges.

Now we have something more like a citizen Army, and there is no reason why citizens serving their country today should exist miserably in War Department slums.

Improvements can and must be made. A lot can be done simply by using common sense and by setting the soldiers themselves to work to improve their own living conditions.

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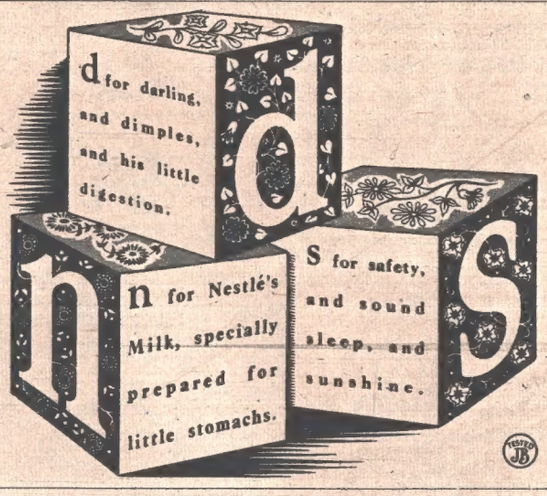
d for darling, and dimples, and his little digestion.
n for Nestlé's Milk, specially prepared for little stomachs.
S for safety, and sound sleep, and sunshine.

THANKS TO GOOD BRITISH FARMING

THE RICH NORFOLK SOIL, now in winter's grip, will soon be sown with barley destined for the maltings and the mash tun. And when you drink a heartening glass of beer it is worth a thought to the knowledge and skill handed on down the years by the farmer—and, to be sure, by the brewer.

Beers brewed by WHITBREAD Naturally

WHETHER you regard your face as a priceless work of art, or merely as something to smack a hat on top of, you both have to go about together. But how does it *feel*—after shaving? Sore, sensitive, resentful?

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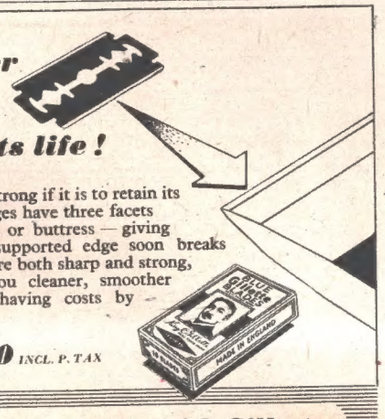

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IT'S TEST YEAR FOR THOSE G.I. BRIDES

by DONALD STOKES

THE 75,000 BRITISH GIRLS married to ex-G.I.s now face their big test, reports Donald Stokes, author of the best-seller, "Men Behind Victory," who made a 9,000-mile tour of the United States to find out how the girls are settling down. His John Bull survey shows that British G.I. brides have 90,000 babies. Seven per cent of the marriages have broken up, one in three due to desertion by the husband, but of 5,000 separated or divorced wives only 938 have returned to Britain.

Most of the British girls are making the grade. Stokes describes how they have fought against loneliness in remote districts; against the acute housing shortage in cities. And how they are sharing the postwar problems of their husbands. Despite a fringe of tragedies the girls' get-together spirit is easing hardships

THERE ARE 75,000 "Stop Press" additions to the big news story of the G.I. brides—one for each of the British girls who made the journey to America. As 1948 unfolds, most of the romances that made up that story are coming up against the biggest of their many hurdles.

Up till now, powerful organizations such as the Red Cross, the English-Speaking Union and the Y.W.C.A. have been able to give generous help to the girls. They have financed hardship funds for them, subsidized clubs and made grants to individual girls to tide over crises.

But these bodies had to fix a time limit for their help, as they have other pressing claims—the Red Cross alone has helped 300,000 disaster victims in the U.S.A. during the past twelve months. And that time limit has been reached.

The G.I. brides are on their own now. They must turn to each other for help.

Typical of most British girls whose dreams of a happy new life in their husbands' country have been dashed in the reality was the Scots redhead who went into the Red Cross headquarters in San Diego, California, the other day, carrying a small boy, and said: "I'm a G.I. bride, I'm fed up, and I want to go home. Can you lend me the fare?"

"I'm sorry," said the secretary, "we haven't authority to do that any more, but go to this address and see Mrs. Poblinsky. She'll help you."

Marriage That's Being Saved

Puzzled, the redhead went to Mrs. Poblinsky's house, and found a meeting of British war brides taking place. Within ten minutes the girls had talked the redhead into giving her marriage another chance, with some pointed advice on how to deal with her sister-in-law, who was causing most of the trouble in their small flat. "If you still can't make a go of it," said Mrs. Poblinsky, "we'll club round and lend you your fare home."

"Stop Press" on that marriage is that one of the G.I. brides has found the redhead and her husband a home of their own, though it is only a caravan trailer in a car park.

There are many Mrs. Poblinskys in the U.S. today, girls who came over in the first bride-ships, and are now helping the newer arrivals.

When Mrs. Poblinsky was Joan Morrison, of Ellesborough Green, Sussex, she was well known at the Dome ballroom, Brighton, where she won a cup for dancing. Then she met Joe Poblinsky, a G.I. paratrooper, and married him just before D-Day. Her own D-Day was when she landed in America in the summer of 1945, and promptly ran into a series of troubles.

With her husband in hospital for treatment of his war-injured shoulder, Joan had to work as a waitress during her pregnancy. She learned the hard way how to fend for herself in a land that has rough edges for the inexperienced. She came through well, and now she likes helping some of the other girls who are settling in Lower California. They hold regular meetings at her house.

In a Drugstore, In a Skyscraper

These sort of gatherings are going on all over the United States today, in places ranging from the corner seat reserved every Wednesday afternoon in McGlinty's drugstore, for the four British war brides in Orlando, Florida, to the walnut-panelled clubroom and dance hall set apart for G.I. brides by the English-Speaking Union in a Manhattan skyscraper. The girls bring their babies with them.

Babies? Most British G.I. brides have them; many have two. And the grand total so far of G.I. babies is 90,000.

At their get-togethers, the girls play most sports from tennis to bowls, hold bridge drives in aid of their hardship funds, attend cookery classes and go sightseeing. But most of all they just like to listen

Arrival in U.S.—a flashback to one girl's great moment. What did the future hold?

G.I. bride who was unlucky. Eighteen-year-old Julia Doris Clark married an American who was subsequently charged with bigamy

to each other's British accents, and talk over their domestic problems.

A close check of all available sources shows that about seven per cent of the girls' marriages have ended in divorce or separation. This, it should be pointed out, is much lower than the average of thirty-three per cent for the U.S. as a whole. Most authorities agree that the marriages of G.I.s to British girls are shaping better than the typical U.S. ones. Time, of course, will give the final verdict, but most of the British girls have already been in America two years.

About one in three of the break-ups was caused by the husband's desertion. Of the slightly more than 5,000 wives who have been divorced or separated, only 938 have returned to Britain. The other 4,000-odd found jobs and most of them are taking American citizenship. More than half of the divorced wives have already married again. Nearly a hundred of the Anglo-American couples have returned to Britain to make their homes.

Good, Bad, Average

The marriage failure figure varies considerably according to locality. Out of 1,075 G.I. marriages in the Boston area, only five are known to have failed. On the other hand, in Philadelphia (a city with some of the worst slums in America), it is estimated that twenty per cent of the 2,500 marriages have ended. A fairly average cross-section is Charleston, West Virginia, where, out of 108 British war brides, eight are separated from their husbands.

Few cases have occurred of divorces being asked for on the frivolous grounds common in America. One of these rare cases was Murdoch Cass, of Topeka, Kansas, who unsuccessfully tried to shed his bride, the former Gillian Mackay, of Londonderry, because she insisted on having the windows open at night.

Probably the worst initial handicap G.I. brides face is loneliness. Few Britons realize America's vastness and how isolated rural communities are.

Take the case of Mrs. Everett Benson (Alice Myers, of Wightman Road, Hornsey, London, N.8, before her marriage), who left the teeming life of London for a chalet in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado—nearest neighbour fifteen miles away. Mine was the first British accent she had heard for two years. "At first I used to go round singing at the top of my voice to keep myself from going crazy," she told me over a meal of fried mountain trout. Her husband, a game-warden, is away on duty in the national forest for days on end, and he has taught her to shoot with a rifle to protect herself from bears and tramps.

A major problem for G.I. brides is the housing shortage in cities. This in itself is not so bad as in Britain, but the irritations of living with in-laws who do not understand British ways sometimes make it seem worse. The advice commonly given to newly arrived G.I. brides by other British girls is: "Even if you have to live in a tent together, get a place of your own away from in-laws." The American husband is often inclined to prefer the comfort of his parents' home to living in a hotel room or a tiny flatlet with his wife. When the husband gets his way there is usually trouble.

After housing there is the snag that the British girls have to learn to cook all over again. British palates are shocked by some of the favourite U.S. concoctions, such as ham with fried pineapple, jam on fried bread, and sweet buns served with dinner.

Then there is the raising of children. American children are generally spoiled, and many an Anglo-American marriage has been strained because the wife refuses to pander to her child. A leading women's magazine in America recently published an article pointing out how much better "integrated" the children of the G.I. brides are.

To help their husbands, many British girls have started careers of their own. Diminutive Pauline Elliott, a pretty blonde who lived with her sister in King Street, Chelsea, had a hard struggle when she came to join her Brooklyn husband. Eventually, she got a job in Sonja Henie's ice ballet, and now her married name, Pauline Beever, is on the bills outside Radio City.

Eileen Mills, who worked as a typist at the Ministry of Food Office in Luton, arrived in Boston, Massachusetts, with her husband, John Vaughan, an insurance agent. They found prospects were poor for advancement in his old job. So they staked all their money on a small café called London Inn, and now are making a sizable profit.

Of fifteen British war brides in Butte, Montana, eight are in active business partnership with their husbands. One of them, Mrs. Carmen di Caccio (she used to be Dierdre Downes, of Hartland, Devon), has helped her husband to start a radio-controlled taxicab service.

These are the G.I. brides who have made good. At the other end of the scale are the girls on the "tragedy fringe" — the small minority whose domestic upsets have exploded into disaster. Three of these girls have been slain by their husbands, five have committed suicide, and one is awaiting trial for murder. Several other girls have been convicted of crimes committed in desperation at being left stranded—robbery, forgery and arson.

And a handful of the British brides have vanished. Their letters stopped coming to Britain, and when the U.S. police responded to frantic cables from the girls' parents, it was usually found that the girls had separated from their husbands and did not want their "humiliation" to be known to their families at home.

Girl Who Was Hard Up

But the overall picture is one of sturdy independence on the part of the British brides and generosity on the part of most Americans.

Here is a story which sums this up. A Welsh girl, Janet Cummings, from Caerphilly, fell on hard times when she settled in the Welsh-American mining town of Lamotte, in Iowa. She refused financial help, and several of her friends, British and American, hit on the idea of sending her money anonymously through the post.

As soon as she was able, Janet returned all the money to those friends who "confessed," but there still remained fifty dollars unaccounted for. So she advertised that she was sending the money to what the Americans call a "community chest," a town fund for the relief of the needy.

The organizers of the "community chest" promptly used the money to send five "Care" parcels to needy people in Janet's native Wales.

NEXT ARTICLE: G.I. Brides' Impact on U.S.A.

G.I. bride who found a house. Mrs. Richard Newnham (third left) chats to Michigan neighbours. She was fortunate. Many girls share house with American in-laws who don't understand their ways

MIDDLEMAN v HOUSEWIFE

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

Between pit and housewife a lot happens to coal; its price may be doubled, its quality mixed. The middleman profits at your expense. It is time he was checked

LOOKING OUT OF THE carriage window, just before the train pulls into my station, I frequently see a gang of men working over heaps of coal. They are selecting the best, making a heap of the second best, setting aside the dust and dross. A heart-warming spectacle in every sense.

It brings back memories of the old wintry days with a nip in the wind, muffins for tea, and the coal cart jangling down the road behind a horse festooned with brass medals, the carter sooty-faced under his leather whimple, a board saying "Derby Brights 1s. 10½d."

It also reminds me of a man who was exempted from military service in the first World War and set himself up in the rag and bone trade. When the war ended he went into partnership with the local one-man coal merchant. From the proceeds of his rags and bones (and no doubt a few bottles) he put up the money to buy three lorries. Later he opened branch offices.

Today he is behind an enormous middleman business in which, through nominees, he owns eighty-five per cent of the shares. Dividends are a regular twenty per cent.

It is, it appears, a nice business to be in; small wonder that housewives complain about the price and quality of coal for which they often have to wait months.

In four months, housewives—some living within a few miles of record-breaking collieries—have been presented with two substantial increases in retail prices. They are paying at the door prices out of all proportion to the cost at the pithead. Household coal, at source, averages about £2 a ton. By the time it is delivered in town and country, that coal has jumped to between £3 5s. and £4 10s. a ton.

No System of Control

Between pithead and coal cellar the middleman has been busy. And these factors, agents, distributors—there are nearly 30,000 of them in the coal business today—have turned the retailing of coal into an extremely profitable business. Government fuel experts are reported to have made a thorough examination of the coal industry from end to end, but there exists no system by which the extraordinary profits of the factors can be controlled.

One of the biggest middlemen firms in the country has more than fifty branches in the Greater London area. Its agents start by buying large quantities of coal from different collieries, after the National Coal Board has satisfied the priority needs of industry. The prices they pay for this coal are fixed in private agreement with the Ministry of Fuel and Power—and after that particular bit of fixing, the fun begins. The first move made by many agents at the depots is to regrade the coal they bought at approximately £2 a ton into one- or two-cwt. sacks, which, according to this arbitrary regrading, is then sold to households at, say, 4s. 3d., 4s. 5d. and 4s. 7d. a cwt.

This may seem a cool piece of calculation; it is positively generous beside the routine of the really unscrupulous middleman. That heart-warming spectacle of the men sorting coal, for example. There is one coal merchant I know who takes a lot of trouble over selecting the coal that arrives at his yard. A gang of labourers sorts it into graduated heaps. Then he sets to and shuffles it all up again, mixing the good coal with rubbish in the exact proportions which he thinks he can get away with. The secretary of one fuel efficiency committee, inspecting the coal delivered at private houses, found that some of the "best nuts" were stones, and at least ten per cent of the coal delivered was absolute rubbish.

There is a woman in Brixton with five children and a poorly-paid husband. Through the summer months she cannot afford to buy coal—she is saving for her winter supplies. Yet on the books of the coal merchant with whom she is registered, her name is ticked as having received the ration throughout the year.

Under the Counter, Over the Odds

The man who enters false deliveries in his books is partially covered by the Ministry of Fuel order that customers who do not take up their allocations in the appropriate period cannot have them later. He takes a chance on his books being inspected and checked with the customers—and sells the surplus coal under the counter and over the odds.

But these are just the spivlets, fiddling with a sack and a shovel. The big-money men never get nearer coal than sitting beside a large fire. They work from offices far away from pitheads and sidings. They run companies which do not control a single depot, trolley, wharf or coal-heaver. They are the middlemen; the diddlemen; the dashing dealers in black diamonds. They have bought up the one-man firms, cashed in on their goodwill, retained their names, and weaved themselves into the centre of a web of subsidiary and dependent companies which all confuse the search and obscure the profits.

Examination of Somerset House records shows that one parent company has absorbed seven one-man businesses. The parent company has regularly paid out dividends which have varied between fifteen and twenty-five per cent. Another company has absorbed numerous famous old-time businesses and is in its turn affiliated to about a dozen other large concerns. This elaborate system has not been brought into existence for the fun of it. High profits—and disgustingly easy profits when one remembers the miners' long struggle for higher wages—have attracted the business manipulators.

The "Invisible" Transaction

A financier who holds a large interest in one of these distributive agencies made £25,000 on one pithead purchase of coal he did not even see.

Now the important thing to remember is that this man has attained his present wealth and position merely by distributing coal *after* it has been got out of the ground. He hasn't hewed a square foot or lifted a pound—yet it is entirely due to men of this type that the retail price of coal remains so high.

The middleman has to stand transport and handling charges all the way from the pit to the consumer? Yes. And he stands them with such equanimity that one set of companies made £725,300 on an authorized capital of £400,000 during the year ended last March.

And not only is the profit being made out of the housewife. The middlemen have a finger in the distribution of coal to the factories, often taking a commission for doing nothing at all.

The position is simple and fantastic. The nation has taken over the headache end of the coal industry—the production—and left the lucrative distribution end in the hands of private enterprise. The ordinary householder is not only paying through the nose for his coal because the retailer sells at too high a price, but is also paying taxes to subsidize the National Coal Board which so far appears to have paid little attention to the "middlemen" problem.

Coal comes up for pithead grading. Here is something the Coal Board can attend to now

But surely there is someone who fixes a maximum retail price for coal? Indeed there is. The price is fixed by the Ministry of Fuel and Power on the advice of a committee that consists chiefly of—coal factors.

Lord Hyndley's Statement

A year or so ago, Lord Hyndley, chairman of the National Coal Board, stated: "We propose to review the price structure and already have a committee examining the problem. The Board wants to see efficient distribution. Savings in production costs should not be dissipated further down the line. There will be no change at present, but in due course of time we will distribute in the true sense of the word."

"In due course of time. . . ." Meanwhile the middlemen continue to make high profits.

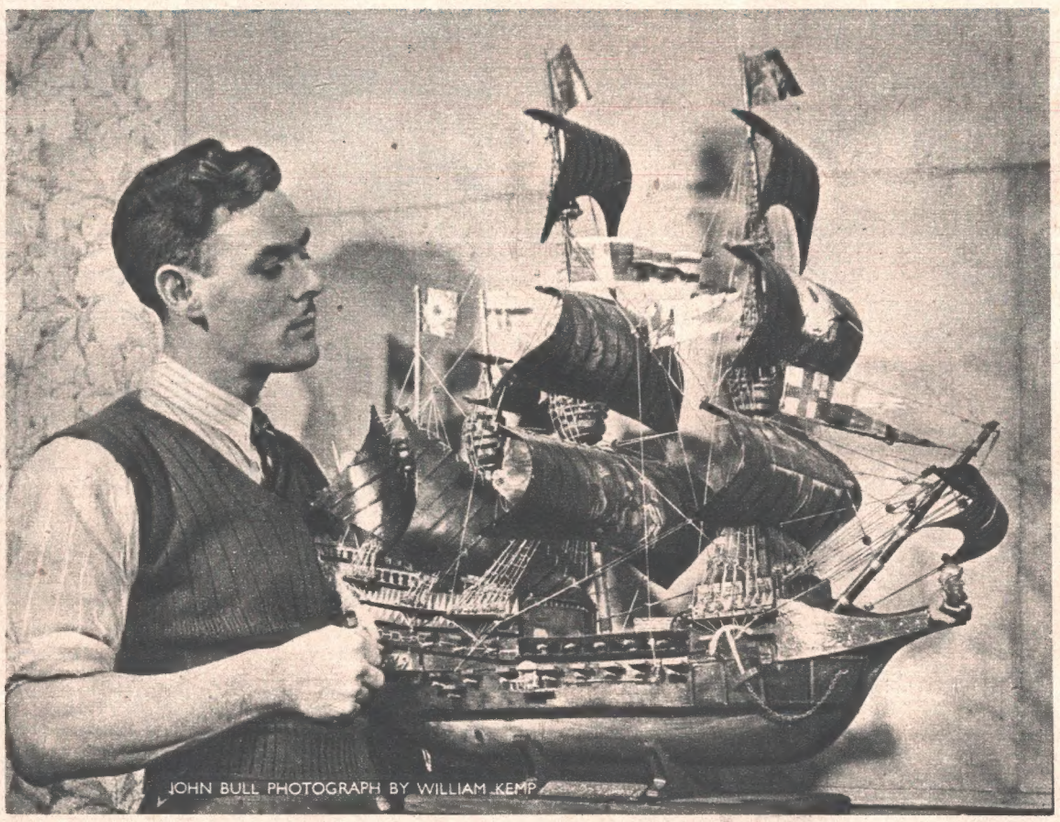
There are two main solutions to the problem. One is to nationalise the distribution side of the coal industry. That would be perfect in theory, impossible in practice—at any rate for some time to come.

The other main solution is for the National Coal Board and the Ministry of Fuel to get together over the middlemen's balance sheets and decide either to raise prices at the pithead, thus giving the householder indirect relief through budget expenditure, or to lower the maximum retail prices and thus give him direct relief on his household expenses.

Meanwhile the National Coal Board must make up its mind that the time has come to look beyond the pithead and pay to distribution the same attention it has so far devoted to production alone. A start might be made by improving the grading of coal at the colliery picking belts. As the coal passes to the next stage, the Ministry of Fuel and Power must institute stricter inspection so that coal properly graded at the pit is not regraded by factors and retailers for their own profit.

One thing is certain: we cannot allow the middlemen to continue making outrageous profits while the householder freezes, frets and dips both hands into his pockets at once.

GALLEON'S REACH, TOOTING



Jack Davis with home-made galleon: wood plus hard work plus a find at local stationer's

by HENRY FIRTH

The railwayman wanted to be a sailor. He has achieved the perfect compromise building model ships in his spare time

THE DAVISES ARE RAILWAY FOLK. So when young Jack Davis's school-leaving time came round and he indicated that he'd like to go to sea, it didn't take them very long to point out that any such idea was clearly flying in the face of Nature.

Sure enough, when the proper time came, there was young Jack Davis, a "box-boy" like the rest of them, booking the trains up and the trains down past the Raynes Park box. Then, as laid down in Regulations, came months of carriage cleaning—a railway purgatory—from which the chastened youth emerged into the full glory of porterdom.

And so young Jack progressed like his fathers before him, rung by rung up that solid railway ladder, till in due season he stood forth a signalman in his own right and a true Davis.

At twenty-one he married and acquired a home of his own. But though the anchor was down now, the sea fever still stirred in him. As the trains, ribbons of light, screamed by in the night, the sparks flying backwards from their smoke-stacks, there were times when young Davis would hear waves beating against bulwarks, and smell the strange smells of foreign ports.

Then one day he discovered one of his mates whittling away at a block of wood. An odd-shaped bit of wood. The hull of a ship, just emerging. A Spanish galleon. Davis watched, fascinated. He went home that night determined to try his hand at galleons, too. That was eight years ago. Eight years of ships—galleons and frigates and sloops and cutters and aircraft carriers. All sorts of ships, three hundred and more of them.

Today, pouring in a steady stream from the backyard stocks, they sail bravely across the front parlour at 15 Recovery Street, Tooting—an armada of naval history, clustering around the great (two feet high) *Elizabeth Jones*, tailing off to the nippy (six inches long) little *Halfpenny Galleon*—"just the size to slip under a big Spanish galleon's bows and get in a couple of quick ones before she could turn round," says this railwayman, who is shipmates with Drake and Hawkins and Frobisher.

He puts in a few quick repairs on the rigging of the *Elizabeth Jones* where the family cat, an unnautical creature, has jumped on it. How long does it take Jack to build one of his galleons? He can rush one through in forty to fifty hours.

Research, Then a Blueprint

The toughest part is the shaping of the hull. "That's the only part I'm always glad to see over." The detail is the job he really enjoys. The anchors, the figureheads, the ornate ships' lanterns, the different riggings, the elaborate carving you get sometimes on the galleon's towering wooden walls. Accuracy's a point of honour. Davis haunts museums, pores over old prints, gets excited over finds in second-hand book shops. As the picture of the chosen ship fills in, he draws up a blueprint to work from.

It's remarkable what you can do with wood. Except for the brass cannon and some of the richer ornamentation moulded in a mixture of wax and lead, heated up on the kitchen stove, everything on these ships is cut from wood. Even during his "Ancient and Modern" period when he was doing ships in pairs—a modern naval vessel like the *Ark Royal* carrier, then her Elizabethan predecessor of the same name—Davis stuck to wood, painstakingly carving from it the full panoply of rotating gun turrets and range finders and all the rest of a battleship's paraphernalia.

On the top of the kitchen cupboard, almost out of sight, a lone half-completed galleon is cruising drunkenly around the ceiling. "Oh, that," says Mrs. Davis, and smiles. A smile with pride in it. She reaches up and takes the little ship down to show me. Two masts lie on the deck awaiting the shipwright's inclination; and the carving is a bit on the rough side. "That one's Ronnie's," explains Mrs. Davis.

Ronnie is eleven and, it seems to me, a fortunate child, for not every boy has a father who can conjure up golden galleons under your eyes, and turn a drab street in Tooting into a bit of the roaring Spanish Main.

Almost Any Wood Will Do

Galleons are treasure ships. What do they cost to make? Davis says this hobby is just about as expensive as you care to make it. Some chaps go in for the special model-making kit from commercial firms. Often that will contain such stuff as balsa wood. But Davis says that any reasonable lump of wood will do for him, as long as its grain is straight and it is free from knots.

Another item: some model-builders buy vellum or parchment for their sails. But Davis has found a brand of light cardboard in a local stationer's which, painted and varnished, does even better. Parchment cracks when it gets dry, he says. Then there are the blueprints. Mostly he draws his own. But when he buys one—well, a blueprint really worth working from may cost fifteen shillings.

But this is a hobby with a credit side to its ledger. Coming home in the bus one day with one of his bigger models under his arm he heard somebody say that it was worth every bit of £30. And, though there's never been any sign of that sort of money, there have been cash customers from time to time—like the man whose great-grandfather was one of Nelson's captains. He's just written to Davis asking whether he can model great-grandpa's ship, the *Foxhound*.

"The little bit extra has often come in mighty useful," Mrs. Davis says. But her husband says he would go on building galleons if he never made a penny out of it. As it is, most of them go as gifts to friends. The *Golden Hind*, Drake's round-the-world ship, and one of the latest jobs, came in handy for a couple of newly-married friends who had just found a couple of rooms at last and were looking for something to cheer up their sideboard.

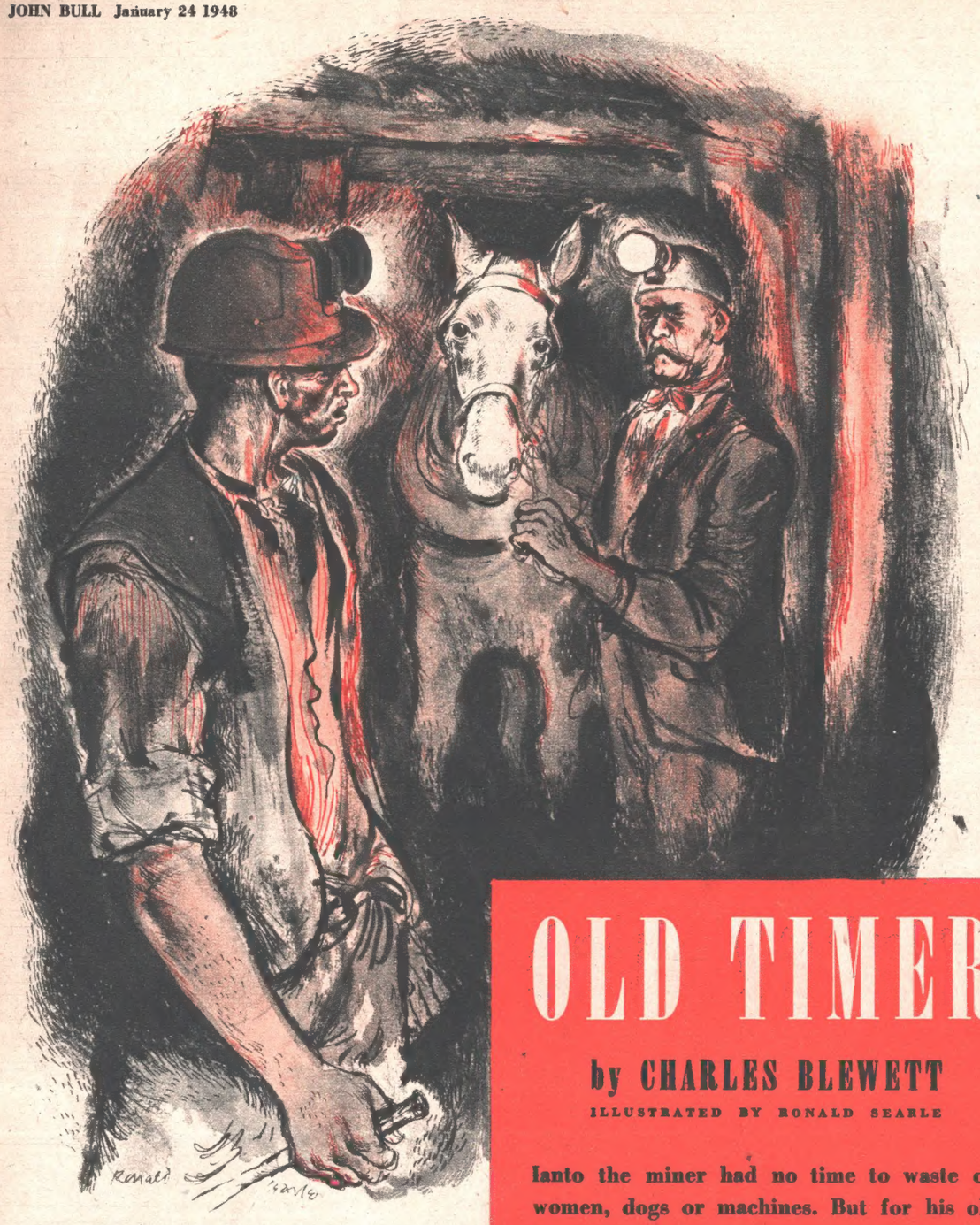
Good Enough for Nelson

Today, Davis has a major enterprise on hand. Nothing less than the modelling of Nelson's *Victory* for the Model Engineering Exhibition next August. It'll be his first exhibition, so the *Victory* has got to be good, good enough for Admiral Lord Nelson and good enough for Signalman J. W. Davis. The rigging ropes, for instance, will have to be woven in exact reproduction of the *Victory's* ropes. Then, it'll be a ticklish job carving the hull, because the *Victory* is bottle-shaped — its great oaken walls bulge outwards in the middle.

But no pains will be spared. Already Davis has made some trips down to Portsmouth, getting to know the old ship, sketching details.

If you want to find Jack Davis in the next few months and he's not in his Southfields signalbox, the chances are you'll find him bending thoughtfully over a block of wood in the cosy little workshop he has built from a couple of old Andersons, a few planks and a door.

Here, in this little shed, watching an ornate ship's lantern shaping under his chisel or painting those bold crusaders' crosses on the broad billowing sails, a railwayman who wanted to go to sea has found contentment.



"I'm not coming," said Ianto. "If the horse must stay, I stay, too"

OLD TIMER

by CHARLES BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD SEARLE

Ianto the miner had no time to waste on women, dogs or machines. But for his old horse he would gladly have given his life

IANTO EVANS ALWAYS walked in front of his horse when they were travelling the dusty underground roads from the stables to the district where they worked together. It was the only district left in Ty Hafod colliery where the horse had not been ousted by the machine.

"Stop your pushing, mun!" Ianto said with pretended severity as the horse nudged him in the back. "You trying to shove me down on my face in the dust here, or what?"

Every morning they played this game. On his way to the pit Ianto would gather grass from the mountain and bring it down into the dark world where the horse would be waiting for him. Baron knew he would get the grass from the outside pocket when they were halfway to their district. The grass from the inside pocket came later, just before they started the day's work. He knew his part of the game was to keep on nudging Ianto and snuffling at his pockets.

Presently Ianto stopped and turned to face Baron. The horse knew this was the time for him to nuzzle against the pocket from which the grass always came at this stage of their journey.

Ianto laughed at him. "You soft old thing, you," he said. "I haven't got nothing for you, mun. For what would I want to go out of my way to bring grass down here to a big, useless article like you?"

But Baron was patient. He knew this was all part of the game, and presently he got his mouthful of the fresh, green grass which dimly reminded him of the days when he had roamed the Welsh mountains at his mother's side. There was a time when Ianto brought lump sugar, too, but that was hard to come by now.

They continued their trudge towards the coalface. Ianto, going in front, was a typical haulier of the old school which is fast dying out in the face of mechanization. He wore a long, blue jacket, a knotted, red kerchief about his neck, and small straps held his moleskin trousers in tightly just below the knee. "Yorks" he called the straps, and if anyone inquired why he wore them he would say with a grin, "to keep the dust out of my eyes." He was an old-fashioned man with old-fashioned ideas, and even his flowing, white moustache belonged to the style of a past generation.

Presently they came to a branching of the roads. An old piece of board was wired to one of the whitewashed arching rings. On it was marked roughly in chalk, "Don Conveyor," and an arrow pointing to the left-hand road. Ianto spat his disgust in brown tobacco-juice and took the right-hand road.

"Conveyors!" he remarked with a great loathing in his voice. "I tell you, Baron, that was the worst day's work they ever done when they brought them things down Ty Hafod; and coalcutters, and ropes and pulleys and engines everywhere. Ach-y-fi! Baron bach, God never intended for man to compete against machines, mun!"

The big, chestnut horse would agree with anything his master said or felt as he followed on patiently, his steel-shod hoofs ringing against the iron sleepers of the narrow tramroad.

Soon they reached the parting where there were two sets of rails. A journey of empty trams was stocked on one set of rails. Ianto and Baron would take these into the collier's places and, later, bring them out full to be stocked on the other set of rails until there was a full journey to be taken out to the pit bottom.

As Ianto dressed Baron in the tackle which enabled him to pull the trams, the colliers began arriving in twos and threes, passing by with a greeting as they went on into the face. Idwal Huws, by whose name the district was called, Dylan Morgan, Owen Northman, Mervyn Harris; these passed with their lamps swinging and their boys following behind.

Solid old workmen these, men who had served their apprenticeship in the days when colliers dressed and cut their own coal, notched their own timber with a competitive pride, and were taught to "keep a cool head and a sharp hatchet."

More men passed, all of the same type, elderly colliers of the old school, who would not accept machinery into their scheme of things underground. All had drifted to this one remaining district of the pit which had not yet been mechanized.

Baron got his second helping of grass and the day's work started. Ianto hitched him on to a couple of empty trams and away they went, trundling along the uneven rails, under the low roof, down to Dylan Morgan's stall.

After delivering the empties they went into Mervyn Harris's place to pull out a full tram left by the night shift. Wise old Mervyn patted Baron's neck and gave him a chew of twist tobacco, a delicacy the horse had learned to like. Mervyn knew that making a fuss of the horse would bring him more trams than if he tried soft-soaping Ianto himself.

"I see old Davies the Mill have got a new dog, then," Mervyn volunteered by way of conversation.

Ianto pretended to fumble with the hitching of Baron to the tram as he remarked slyly: "Not very interested in whippets, I'm not." Then with great emphasis, "Nor women, neither. Horses and beer is more of my mark."

Mervyn turned his lamp on Ianto. "Whose back garden are you digging up now, then?" he asked severely.

Ianto grinned and hitched up his belt. "Over the mountain in Graigevan last night then, was you, Mervyn? They tell me the widow Jones got a nice little house in Graigevan, and you was seen, by never mind who, coming out of the nice little house last night. Late it was, very late."

Mervyn blustered. "You tell whoever told you to mind his own business!"

Ianto wagged his head. "It's right then, is it?" he queried. "Poor old Mervyn," he sighed. "And when is the wedding to be then? She'll have

you now, sure as eggs." Then he hopped on the tram, clicked his tongue at Baron, and rode off, singing in an exaggerated baritone: "Who were you with last night?"

They came out of Mervyn's road and on to the heading which led up to the parting, the big horse pulling the heavy tram as though it weighed nothing. Suddenly, he stopped, ears pricked up. He snorted and tossed his fine head up and down, pawing at the ground in a most unaccustomed fashion.

"Come on here, come on," Ianto urged. "What's up with you then?"

Still the horse refused to budge forward.

"Come on, Baron, get up!" Ianto raised his voice this time, but still without effect.

He got down from the tram to go to Baron's head, and as he did his ears picked up the warning sounds which go before a fall of roof underground. He took another step forward, then down it crashed, tons of cruel, jagged grey stone, blocking the heading in front of them and filling the air with choking, acrid dust. Directly overhead now, the timber was beginning to groan and crack under its insupportable burden, and small stones rained down around them.

Ianto hastened to unhitch Baron, then turned him and eased him past the tram and back into Mervyn Harris's road for safety.

ONCE away from the immediate danger in the heading Ianto put his arms around Baron's neck and, laying his head against the horse, whispered, "Thank you, old feller, you got more sense than me. You knew what was coming, didn't you?"

They went back into the face, and here Ianto was surprised to find a furious activity among the colliers. They were cutting posts and lids and sticking them up desperately. They had to be quick after they had measured a post; otherwise they found it too long when they tried it in position. There was a gigantic squeeze on in that part of the district and the roof was coming down fast.

Ianto tried to tell Mervyn of his narrow escape in the heading but Mervyn was locked in the grim battle to steady the roof. If they could only check it and get the massive forces settled down, their places would be saved.

Back in the road, with the small stones falling and the strange rumblings and groanings of the squeeze, Baron was becoming upset. Ianto tried to calm him.

"All right, all right, old man," he said soothingly. "Steady now, and everything'll be all right. I'm here, mun, and I won't let anything happen to you."

Presently, men and boys began filing up through the face from some of the lower places. Some had lost their jackets, others their tommy-boxes and water-jacks, and some their tools when their places had caved in completely.

Following them came a short, grey-haired man, carrying an oil lamp and a walking stick. It was John Howells, the fireman; he was quite calm and in complete command of the situation. "All right, boys, get out of it." He gave the order quietly to Mervyn and his mates. "She's coming in right through by the look of it."

Mervyn and his two boys came back on the road for their coats and the rest of their tools. "Come on, Ianto," said Mervyn. "It's all out."

"What about Baron then?" asked Ianto, dreading the answer. "I can't leave the old feller here, mun."

"Come on, you chaps!" shouted the fireman. "Let's get out of it!"

"What about this horse?" Ianto yelled back.

"Take him around the heading," the fireman replied, without looking round.

"Can't, mun, big fall there."

The fireman came back to Ianto. "Let's have a look at it," he said briskly.

"Have to be quick though, or the face'll be in and we might not be able to get out either way ourselves then."

One look was enough to convince the fireman that it was impossible to get the horse out that way.

Ianto's last hope was gone. "And he's too big to go through the face," he said with the hope gone from his voice.

"I don't like losing a horse any more than you, Ianto," said the fireman grimly. "But there's nothing we can do about it."

When they got back to the face end of the road Ianto stopped by Baron and rested his arm on the animal's neck.

"Come on, Ianto," Mervyn called back to him.

"I'm not coming," said Ianto, gently rubbing the horse's neck. "If Baron's got to stay here, I'm staying with him."

"Don't be a fool, mun, Ianto bach," Mervyn shouted.

The fireman came back. "Ianto, I'm ordering you out," he said quietly.

This had no effect on Ianto, and finally they had to drag him away, struggling and kicking and swearing at them for taking him away from his friend.

Later, they were all gathered in the comparative safety of the parting. They were squatted about in various positions. The "bacco" boxes were being handed around, and the fireman was making sure that everyone was out of the face. They were a silent, grim-faced crowd.

Old Ianto sat apart, swearing to himself, for he had to swear or cry as he thought of Baron in there, lovely old boy, so strong yet so gentle, in there by himself with the big, cruel stones coming down, coming down.

They all felt a bit awkward about Ianto and his horse. Presently, worrying about it, the fireman tried to help.

"That's the trouble with flesh and blood see, Ianto," he tried to explain. "Now with machinery it's different. If that gets buried you can dig it out and send it up to the surface to be hammered out straight again. You can't do that with flesh and blood."

His words were not well received by Ianto. "Machinery! Machinery!" Ianto exploded. "You and your blasted machinery. You're a boss's man, that's what you are. All your sort is interested in is getting more coal and you don't care how you get it. You're not worried whether a machine will save horses losing their lives, but because we've had bad luck and poor old Baron is lying in there now you're using it for an excuse to preach to us about the wonderful machines."

There were growls of assent from the older colliers. The boys were on the fireman's side, but these men of an older generation were harder to convince.

Silently, they began picking up their lamps and making their way out to the pit bottom.

Ianto's faith in horses remained unshaken. He stayed away from the pit for a few days and mourned the loss of his old friend, seeking such consolation as he could find in the "Ifor Arms." Many horses had he driven during his forty-seven years in the pits but he had felt the loss of none so keenly as that of Baron.

THEN, when the funds were getting low, he appeared, cap in hand, in the manager's office at the colliery. The bared head stamped him as one of the old timers, for he counted it no loss—as some of the younger ones did—to show due respect.

"I've come to ask if you'll give me another horse, Mr. Griffiths," he said.

"Oh, Ianto, is it?" the manager looked up from his desk. "I was very sorry to hear of your bad luck with Baron."

"Aye, bad luck," said Ianto, twisting his cap, and obviously struggling with emotion. "A fine horse that one, Mr. Griffiths." Not very much to say, but it was Ianto's tribute to a lost friend.

"Well, look here, Ianto," said the manager. "Some time ago I offered you a job in charge of traffic in the Don conveyor district. I'm offering it to you again because I think you're just the man for the job."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Griffiths," said Ianto, "but the answer is the same as before. Leave me with the horses while there's still some left."

"But why, Ianto? We've got to move with the times you know."

"I'll tell you why I don't want the job, Mr. Griffiths," said Ianto firmly. "Did you ever know a machine to give warning that saved a man's life? Did you ever hear of a machine that would rub in your shoulder and love you for a handful of grass? No! All they want is to drink oil and grease and the compressed air to make 'em shout and mock at the men so that they will be machines, too." He paused and calmed himself. "Baron saved my life, Mr. Griffiths," he said, quietly now. "No old ropes and pulleys and engines and cog-wheels could do that."

"Very well, Ianto," said the manager. "There's a lot I could say about the other side of the picture, but I know it wouldn't convince you. See Ted Morris the farrier in the morning and tell him I said he is to fix you up. You can pick the horse you want."

"Thank you, Mr. Griffiths," said Ianto simply. "That'll do me fine."

When he had gone, the manager turned to his young assistant.

"One of the old school, that Ianto Evans," he remarked. "Of course, he's out of date, his ideas are old fashioned, but, I for one, am sorry to see his breed dying out from the pits."

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

Think of it From His Angle

SOMEBODY once said of a famous novelist: "I never knew anyone so ready not only to acknowledge but to impute a kindness."

This ability to think the best of other people is all too rare. Far too often we attribute only the worst to those with whom we work and live.

Let me put it in this way: anyone set in his ways you call obstinate, but when you act that way yourself you're merely displaying admirable firmness. The chap who doesn't like your friends is prejudiced, but you're a good judge of human nature if you don't like his!

You scorn as a toady someone who flatters a colleague whereas, of course, when you do the same thing you're being tactful. If you speak your mind you're being frank—of course—but when someone else is equally frank, why accuse him of being quarrelsome?

You see what I mean? It's quite difficult to be fair isn't it? But it means the difference between being at loggerheads with people and co-operating with them.

"Competent — Capital C-O-M-P-E-T-E-N-T — secretary — capital S-E-C-R-E-T-A-R-Y — required — small R-E-Q-U-I-R-E-D — full stop. Small dot then leave a space. Able—capital A-B-L-E to type — capital T-Y-P-E and spell — capital S-P-. . . . "

"COULDN'T CARE LESS"

Specially drawn for John Bull by Arthur Wragg

Grousers who slouch through life scoffing at ideals. . . . Their disease is Indifference. And that's one of the moral epidemics that Britain must fight now, before it's too late

by the Rev. W. E. PURCELL

JIM SAYS HE COULDN'T CARE LESS. He says it about everything, from exports to the atom bomb. In fact, he says it so often, having picked up the phrase in the R.A.F., that the thing becomes monotonous, like the facial twitch of a nervous disorder.

Britain's battle for production, the general rights and wrongs of things, big questions of how well the world, or even his own town, are governed—these leave him cold. Try him with any of them, and the reaction will be as certain as a cuckoo-clock's at the hour. Out it comes: "I couldn't care less." Then he snaps the little door on himself again.

Not that there is anything abnormal about Jim. There are many like him in present-day Britain. What's wrong with him? And them?

Its name is *Indifference*; like *Selfishness* it is one of today's life-wreckers. In its moral effects, in the feebleness it brings, its grave results are not at all unlike those of pernicious anaemia among physical ills. For here is the classic disease of the soul which draws the red blood of aspiration and endeavour, leaving behind a watery substitute for what life might be.

Diagnosis of Jim's trouble is difficult. So many different causes have gone to make him what he is—but it is very important to disentangle them. For if we can do that we shall have done more than find out about Jim: we shall have discovered what it is which is making too many people—and maybe ourselves—hesitant in giving of our best on the uphill road to recovery.

Jim calls himself a cynic. Actually, he makes a pretty good picture of a grown man in a fit of super sulks. Jim has the pip about everything. He is browned-off. Appeals of any kind get nowhere with him. They're all propaganda. He decided that long ago, just after he was called up in '41. All this stuff about producing more, doing with less, hammering out a new world—it's all talk. What is more, it's talk planned in some mysterious headquarters where "They" live. Who exactly "They" are Jim won't say. Maybe he doesn't know. But he hates them, none the less.

It was "They" who called him up, got him taken prisoner, prevent him now from having a house, and have recently put another penny on his beer. "They" are the big shots, the people who run the world, the human realities behind the *On His Majesty's Service* stamp on an official letter.

Cold about most things, Jim is hot about this; he hates with all his soul a nameless something which he feels has for years messed about with his life. Not to care, but indifferently to slouch as a pawn across life's chessboard at the behest of this force has become a habit, like showing a leave pass to the R.A.F. police. You have to do it; but you don't have to be pleased.

It's not much good pointing out to Jim that "They" under any Government here are his elected representatives, and that, in fact, he is not their slave but their master. That's all propaganda, too, see?

If Jim were in hospital and being treated for indifference, the psychiatrists who examined him might afterwards report that "the patient's reaction to stimuli was negative rather than positive." They would mean that Jim can always tell you what's wrong, but never what's right. The list of the things he doesn't believe in, from governments to God, would cover several pages. But you could jot down what he does believe in on the back of a stamp.

The Times Have Told on Him

It boils down to this: that Jim has privately passed a vote of "no confidence in life." Indifference is just his cover story, hiding the reality of a sadly disappointed heart.

How did he get that way? His case history gives valuable clues.

He is married, has a steady job, and lives with his wife's people. When he complains that most of his life, so far, has been a continual mess-up he is speaking the truth. It has. He was eighteen when a code word sent German troops over the border into Poland. Since then he has lived without a pause in a state of disturbance and uncertainty. Call-up, active service, a year or so behind barbed wire, then home to austerity Britain and married life under difficulties. It has all told on him.

He doesn't feel he has had a break. What he does feel is that he has, all the time, been in the grip of forces greater than himself. As he sees it, the only possible solution, since he can't live the life he would wish, is to be indifferent to life altogether; not to give a damn. So he doesn't.

His then, is a typical case of indifference. Does it matter very much, or should sufferers from it be left to go their own sweet-or-sour way? The answer is that indifference is dangerous. Dangerous to present-day morale, at a time when we need every ounce of it we can scrape together; dangerous to our tomorrows, when we shall need full confidence in the democracy to which we have entrusted our future.

The perils of the *I couldn't care less* attitude to production and full co-operative effort now are obvious. But its threat to the shape of our tomorrows and to the kind of life those who come after us will have is not so clear.

Easy People to Push Around

Jim, and all the thousands like him, although they would hate to think it, are going to be very easy people to push around. That is a logical consequence of indifference. Those who really don't much mind what happens will not be likely to react very sharply, for example, to any unconstitutional seizure of power, should such an attempt ever be made.

Unlikely? Perhaps. But it happened during all our yesterdays in parts of Europe, and we have all paid the price. Jim paid it in being called up and taken prisoner, and in returning to austerity Britain and all the difficulties of today.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and that goes for ideas, too. In the religious department of things it has often been noticed how those who have thrown overboard all beliefs with the beliefs of childhood—

Continued on page 14

World Government sounds fine. But how
believes he's got both the how and wh
one day you may vote for delegates to re

CRANK OR CRUSADER?

by HARRY HOPKINS

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL A MAN who, with Europe falling apart before his eyes, and the Foreign Ministers agreeing only to differ and to part, launches a crusade for "World Government by 1955"?

A crank? But what if that man is also managing director of a highly successful business at thirty-nine — an engineer, a cricketer, a family man, a respected Member of Parliament?

An idealist? That, without a doubt. But you'll have to admit that Henry Usborne's idealism is a pretty practical sort of idealism.

You can see a sample of it in Nu-Way Heating Plants, Ltd., the £250,000 Birmingham firm he founded. The Nu-Way workers own shares, elect their representative to the board. One of the girl clerks became a director.

If Usborne's current piece of idealism turns out one half as successful, few men will have made such a mark on history. For Alexander only wanted to conquer the world: Henry Usborne wants to unite it. But once again, it's idealism plus a blueprint. Henry Usborne, engineer and Labour M.P. for the Acocks Green Division of Birmingham, has the specifications for "World Government by 1955" all worked out.

You'll Take Your Pick

One summer day in 1950 you'll find a ballot paper on your mat. It'll be a pretty big ballot paper, carrying something like a hundred names. You'll probably be invited to vote for thirty-eight of them (or, perhaps, for five on a separate list if you live in Scotland)—your candidates for the Constituent Assembly of the World.

The following autumn "at least a thousand" delegates will travel across the world to Geneva. Hotel accommodation is being booked up for a year. The delegates will draw the same pay as their national Members of Parliament.

Can you picture the massed spokesmen—one per million of the peoples of the world (thirty-eight from England, five from Scotland, a hundred and thirty-six from the U.S.A., thirty-seven from France, eight from Belgium)—hammering out a constitution for the governance of the globe? Henry Usborne says he can—and, what's more, he's managed to make quite a lot of people, including fifty of his fellow M.P.s, see it too.

For him this crusade is no sudden enthusiasm but the climax of a passionate quest that started years ago. For at least a dozen of them he'd been chewing over the problems of world government—the only alternative, he believes, to war—with Federalists all over the world.

When the second World War ended, hopes soared. Surely the nations must have learned their lesson now. But U.N.O.'s toothless charter was a blow. "Polarization" round Moscow and New York, tearing Europe apart, was worse. Cynicism ate deep into the vitals of the world.

As conference after conference bogged down in the diplomatic mire, Henry Usborne decided that little more was to be hoped from governments. It was up to the people now.

The Only Practicable Plan

In February, 1946, a few of the people—"a bunch of M.P.s"—got together to see what could be done. For fourteen months they sifted through every possible approach to world government, the by-passing of absolute national sovereignty. In the end they decided there was only one plan which was at once practicable and useful. That was Usborne's plan for a World Peoples' Constituent Assembly in 1950.

On the second anniversary of VE-Day, Henry Usborne laid his plan before the executive of the World Federal Government Movement in Brussels. It was agreed. His long quest was at an end. Now he wanted £1,000,000 and 500,000 volunteers.

"We're quickly building up a machine," he told me. The "England" constituency, for instance, has been divided into ten regions and in each there'll be a paid agent. Every month the Candidates Selection Committee meets in a house committee room, under the chairmanship of Major Wilfred Vernon, Labour M.P. for Dulwich. As soon as a candidate's elected, he launches a campaign in his locality and sets up a community committee, with the aim of a signed-up crusader in every street.

"Support?" enthuses Usborne. "We're getting terrific support. Who from? Well, all thinkers." The staff of seven at World Government's Westminster headquarters open sixty or seventy letters of inquiry a day. A recent Birmingham conference drew 250 delegates. The plan has strong backing in France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Sweden and Italy—where there's a World Government newspaper.

There's been keen support from individuals in Poland, Czechoslovakia and other countries in the Soviet orbit.

But World Government H.Q., at 5 Old Palace Yard, ranges farther afield than that. It's in regular touch with "active Federal groups" in Chile, Mexico and Argentina, with India and China, where the World Citizenship Association, led by Chiang Kai-Shek's secretary, is preparing the ground. And Usborne has recently returned from a tour of the United States where the enthusiasm of the support exceeded even his expectations.

"This crusade," says Usborne, "is an adventure. In essence it's a vast world educational campaign, informing and canalizing public opinion on the necessity of a supranational government." For inspiration the crusaders look back to the Peace Ballot of 1934 which mobilized the votes of 10,500,000 people behind the League of Nations and became a formidable political factor.

Asked just how world government will work, Usborne replies that that, of course, is a matter for the delegates at Geneva to decide. But British crusaders tick off on their fingers total national disarmament ("taking the teeth out of the nations"), a world police force ("putting the teeth into U.N.O."), a world atomic authority, a world bank, and a world food board.

Henry Usborne is a streamlined revolutionary. He imparts his world-shaking designs quickly, smoothly, without rhetoric or flourish. There's nothing of the spellbinder about this young man. But you feel the urgency in his voice. He believes time is short, time's the enemy. He believes in getting on with it. That's why he likes to start

nd when? This man, Henry Usborne, M.P., worked out. And, if his plan develops, resent you at a People's World Assembly

crusade speeches with some words of Bertrand Russell's:

> Never since the beginning of recorded history has mankind been faced by so terrible a problem. Either we must, within the space of a few years, consent to an entirely novel form of political and military organization, or, if we fail in this, we must expect a worldwide disaster surpassing in horror all that past misfortune enables us to imagine. One of the greatest difficulties is the shortness of the time. . . .

Then, in the dreary hall, Henry Usborne looks his little audience squarely in the eyes. "We, the people"—he says in that quiet determined voice—"we, the people, must show the way."

Fine—but what does it amount to? How can we, the people, induce the barnacled cynics of the Foreign Office to scamper after us? Admittedly, Ernest Bevin, in one of those expansive moments, observed: "I am willing to sit in with anybody of any party of any nation to try to devise a franchise or a constitution for a world assembly." But that was 1945—an age ago as things have gone.

Well, Usborne has that little difficulty worked out, too. He calculates on polling twelve million people in Britain's world election—one quarter of our population. Then, at the first general election after the drawing up of the world charter, candidates of all parties will be asked to pledge their support for ratification. With twelve million votes dangling, Usborne reckons the world constitution won't lack parliamentary advocates.

Unknowns May Become Famous

So far, eleven of Britain's world assembly candidates have been selected and seven or eight more are in the queue. A few will be famous figures like Sir William Beveridge and Sir John Boyd Orr, who is after world government as "the only way to get the food of the world into the mouths of the people of the world." Up to date three candidates are M.P.s—Usborne himself, Wing Commander Ernest Millington, D.F.C., and Mrs. E. A. Wills, of Birmingham.

The accent is on youth. "It's the twenty-year-olds who're going to carry this thing through," says Usborne. "We want young people of exceptional intellectual and moral attainments. They may be quite unknown today. But by the end of 1950 some of them will be world-famous."

I met a couple of these young world-changers demonstrating their enthusiasm by inviting pneumonia on the draughtiest corner in the dismal East London borough of Leyton. I met Philip Young first. He thrust into my hand a copy of the election address of Ald. John Fitzgerald, the local World Government candidate "This concerns you," roared the van at his back.

Young is twenty-three, married, ex-Tank Corps, Italy, Trieste, France and all that. Moving and waiting, moving and waiting, he got one thing straight in his mind: world government was the only way if this mess wasn't to happen again. He decided he had to do something about it.

Demobbed, he lived on his gratuity while he looked around for a movement he thought might do the job. Finally, he hit on Henry Usborne's group. "It wasn't just a good idea they had: it was a definite plan." Philip Young's life and the Crusade for World Government ran together.

The loudspeaker grunted, the oblong of film went black, and from the van's driving seat stepped the other missionary of World Government.

Euan Cameron, a tall lad with a lot of hair, is only eighteen, but three of those years have been World Government years. In fact he wrote a book about it when he was still a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital.

Cameron was a Liberal, Young a Labourite, but these days they say their only politics are World Government. The propaganda van—now to be the forerunner of a fleet — was all their own idea, thought up to put some twentieth century zip into the Crusade. Euan's mother advanced the money and the pair of them bought an old ambulance and fitted it out.

It's an arresting vehicle. *World Elections 1950* announces the bold white lettering across the top. *Sign up Here—Now!* insists the lettering across the bottom. Between the ambulance windows are three exuberant exclamation marks. And arcing around the mudguards are four quotations—*Federate or Perish!* from Clement Attlee, and other appropriate sentiments from Anthony Eden, Ernest Bevin—and Andrei Vishinsky.

Flashback to Hiroshima

Farther up the street the man E.11 may send to re-make the world at Geneva in 1950 is handing out leaflets on the cold damp pavement. John Fitzgerald's Pickwickian figure is well known around Leyton. He's an ex-Mayor, a J.P., a veteran trade unionist, president of the local Labour Party, and a pillar of the Methodist Church. Three years ago he added World Federal Government to the roll of his causes.

The screen at the back of the van snaps on again, the loudspeaker roars "Attention!" Young's voice swells out over the dingy main street. "World Government . . . or world chaos." The film gives us *Cave Men*. Then a shot of the survivors of Hiroshima.

A knot of people gathers around the little oblong of light. An architect, rule and drawings under his arm, pauses on his way home. An old lady in steel spectacles scrutinizes a leaflet. "Another of your stunts?" an acquaintance chaffs Fitzgerald. Two children hang behind to watch the flickering screen. Their mother comes back, angrily: "Nothing to do with you," she says, hauling them away. A workman in a leather waistcoat has been listening and looking for five minutes. I ask him what he makes of it. "Don't know," he says. "Never heard of it before . . . something worth thinking about, anyhow."

Out of every fifty at a meeting, claims Young, ten or so will be willing to sign up. Main objection crusaders have to counter is not their plan's Utopianism, but its lateness. People don't believe they can get there in time.

And, indeed, the snag in all this leaps to the dullest eye. Those empty chairs again. Won't they be empty at Geneva, too? Surely the mighty Mr. Zhdanov, addressing the Cominform, gave a pretty clear hint in those observations of his about "bourgeois intelligentsia dreamers and pacifists who are deceived by the idea of world government."

But the bourgeois intelligentsia dreamers decline to be discouraged. The old ambulance's mudguard flings back Vishinsky's *Nations must sacrifice parts of their sovereignty*. After all, reason Young and Cameron, so far it's been six of one and half a dozen of the other. After all, comments Usborne, Russia has never had any overtures quite like these made to her before—from the peoples of the world. "We just don't know what her reactions will be."

Russians Here Said "Yes"

Usborne's young men mean to find out, though. Around February they plan to take their crusade van—with an interpreter—across the U.S.S.R. and satellite countries. When I saw them they were feeling greatly encouraged because the Soviet authorities in Britain had extended an open-armed welcome to this startling project.

Could it be that these young idealists, rumbling across the steppes in an old ambulance, may succeed where Bevin and Marshall failed? Can they fill the empty chairs at last, prise up that iron curtain of suspicion?

Bill Kemp, JOHN BULL's staff photographer, who took the pictures for this article, believes Young and Cameron would do better in an export factory. I see his point. The problem of might over right has been with us for some time and is likely to be with us for some time yet. It's easy to tear great gaping holes in this fine idealistic structure.

But I also remember the remark of Professor Harold Urey, one of the inventors of the atomic bomb and today a World Government crusader: "I'd rather be called unrealistic and do *something* than be realistic—and do nothing."

The fact of one world has been amply demonstrated not only by the atom bomb and rocket projectiles, but by the world's statesmen themselves, hurtling about the globe between breakfast and dinner. But before the logic of that fact can be followed out we need a big change in the psychological climate. And that, essentially, is what the crusaders aim to bring about.

A tall order, certainly. But such changes *have* been brought about by men before. Christianity did it. The French Revolution did it. Will Henry Usborne's Crusade for World Government do it?

Perhaps not, indeed probably not—but do we have to *underline* that probably? After all, the trouble with the world is not that it has too many idealists, but that it has too few. And even in these disillusioned days, whether that trouble's curable is still one of the great unanswered questions.

So—Crusade on, Crusaders! "World Government by 1955!"

Girl enthusiast—the accent's on youth—puts over World Government line in a London street

Philip Young (left) and Euan Cameron with the propaganda van they hope to take across Russia

THEY PLAY THEIR APPRENTICESHIP

Queens Park Rangers men give youngsters a lesson in ball control

The apprenticeship system is catching on in soccer. Local boys may make good—locally

AN EXPERIMENT has been going ahead this season which may be the making of soccer stafs of the future and which should help to put an end to the £20,000 transfer racket by fostering local talent.

Like many other famous clubs, Leicester City's stalwarts have been finding it a tough job getting back into the First Division, and, judging by their present position in the Second Division table, they are still far from promotion. Yet they have hit on a scheme which may prove the answer to their troubles.

They are offering a three years' "apprenticeship" with free coaching to promising local youngsters. They believe this will give them a strong side *that's an all-Leicester side* and wipe out the figures in the debit column of the ledger that give some soccer directors, forced to buy up outsiders with large transfer fees, a perpetual headache.

And the Leicester scheme has proved so successful that already several other league clubs have followed their example.

How it all Started

The apprenticeship idea was born when Leicester City schoolboys, playing with speed and skill, won the English Schools Trophy in 1945, drawing the best gates in the city as they progressed to the final.

Among the thousands watching in the stand was Jimmy Rosevear. In a life devoted to football he had been both player and referee.

Here, he said to himself, are the internationals of tomorrow—unless they get diverted away from the game: unless they get tied up in other jobs: unless they are spoiled by bad training or no training at all. What was needed, he realized, was an organization to see that none of these things happened.

Rosevear got the support of boys' football leaders and contacted players. But he found that the question of kit, pitches and even matches wasn't just as easy as that. In fact, the obstacles were so many that the whole scheme seemed likely to fall through. Then he talked to an old friend, Johnny Duncan, the Leicester City manager. And Johnny, who had been agitating for better junior soccer in Leicester since he arrived as a player from Scotland more than twenty years ago, became enthusiastic. First step was to approach the Leicester City board of directors, who saw the possibilities of the Rosevear plan as quickly as Duncan.

So Leicester Junior Imperials Football Club was formed, and from that moment the scheme grew into one of the most simple and yet one of the most interesting experiments ever carried out in soccer. Duncan couldn't use the entire Leicester boys' team since three of the players were still at school. But he had eight players, and drew the rest from the outstanding players in the Leicester boys' eleven of the year before.

From eighteen youngsters, all top-class schoolboys, and wildly keen to make football their career, Duncan and Rosevear picked their team. The entrance stipulation to players was that they must have played for Leicester boys in the past year.

Three-year Try-out

When Leicester City schoolboys reached the final of the schools trophy, and were only beaten in the replay, Duncan and Rosevear found themselves working with two of the best schoolboy teams of the seasons 1945-46 and 1946-47.

A round-table meeting was arranged between the Leicester Junior Imperials, their parents and guardians, and the Leicester City directors, to iron out difficulties.

The plan, Duncan explained, was to provide a football career for outstanding schoolboy footballers, with a three years' "apprenticeship," and then let the boys decide their own future without any pressure from the club.

"Football is a full-time job and a very well paid one for top class players," says Duncan. "These boys proved that they had a natural aptitude for the game. They wouldn't all make stars. Some of them wouldn't even become professional players at all. But they had earned their chance. And in our plan we aim to give promising local boys just that.

"The boys we choose sign only on amateur forms for Leicester City, and are free to leave us and play for any other club at the end of a season. But to every boy who shows definite signs of making a footballer we give the opportunity to sign for the club as a professional when he is seventeen."

Leicester Junior Imperials play in the royal blue shirts and white knickers of Leicester City. After every game in which the Imperials take part, Rosevear compiles a progress report. Every little detail in the advancement of these youngsters is noted.

Juniors who have been injured during the play report to headquarters for examination by the Leicester City trainers, who give them the same treatment as the club's costliest professionals.

Two nights a week Rosevear has the boys along to Filbert Street, Leicester City's headquarters, for training. There is no roll-call for the simple reason that there are never any absentees. The boys are too keen.

Points are Barred

In their first phase, the Imperials played local college and grammar schools elevens. Later they met picked representative elevens from the best of the local junior leagues. But no competitive football. That's the rule and it is important. The boys must be kept from the strain of playing for points.

The youngsters are taken to first team Leicester City matches and Johnny Duncan gives a running commentary on the play, explaining moves and pointing out mistakes. After the match the boys hold an "inquest" on the game.

Apprentice players who really make good can look forward to a try-out in the reserve eleven of the parent club. Then on, there's no saying how far they may go as fully-fledged "journeymen" footballers.

Whether Leicester City get promoted to the First Division or not, they have started something in football.

J. W. A. CONNOLLY

JOHN BULL QUIZ

SUPERLATIVES

(1) Which is the world's highest building and which will be even higher when completed? (2) Which country has the longest tunnel? (3) Does the world's biggest ship hold the record for the quickest Atlantic crossing? (4) Which is the largest island (not counting Australia, which is a continent)?

COINAGE

(1) Are there any George VI sovereigns? (2) Is there any silver in the ordinary "silver" coins minted today? (3) What names were given to (*a*) four-shilling pieces, (*b*) fourpenny pieces? (4) What immobilizes large numbers of shillings, and why were they particularly scarce at one time last year?

LEFT-WING

(1) Where does the term "left" come from, in the sense of progressive or radical? (2) When was the British Labour Party founded? (3) After whom is the Fabian Society named? (4) What is the "Keep Left" group?

FAMOUS WOMEN

(1) Why is it surprising that Helen Keller should be able to address an audience? (2) Who is the only woman to appear twice in the list of Nobel Prize winners? (3) Who was left his "second best bed" in her husband's will? (4) Which country has a woman for Foreign Secretary?

(Answers on page 18)

Continued from page 11

the baby with the bath water—have an odd knack in later years of fishing up some crank religion.

So Jim and his kind, having lost all active interest in the way of life they grew up in, are likely to be the very people to fall in time for some bitter, fanatical substitute for the sober justice of *On His Majesty's Service*.

And here's another reason why something should be done about Jim's indifference: the complaint is infectious. Curiously, it is more easily caught by the young than the old. Jim's father-in-law, for instance, a sturdy citizen of sixty, is no more affected by his son-in-law's drooping pessimism than he is by the baby's chicken-pox. But Jim's young brother, now nearly eighteen, and waiting for his call-up, is already beginning to say that he couldn't care less, and to gaze with weary disillusionment upon the world.

Lost His Ideals

One thing emerges clearly. Jim is a moral war-casualty. Jim's father-in-law just can't see this—because, although he was caught by the first World War, he did have a settled boyhood in the long warm sunset before 1914.

Jim hasn't had this precious interval in which to get tuned-in to life. His long dreams of youth, his idealism, were blown flat in the slipstreams of warplanes warming up, or withered gradually away behind the wire of a prisoners' compound.

There is good stuff in Jim, and in thousands like him—a deep respect for justice, mercy, decency and the like, though he may not admit it. There was a time in the mid-thirties when a Jim in Scout uniform, in the church hall round the corner, solemnly promised "to do his duty to God and the King, and to help others at all times." He meant it, too.

The reason why a not very pleasant smile crosses his face now when you mention it is because he has mucked about ever since in a rotten, disordered world, and seen his little house of personal values take several direct hits from war's block-busters. And so he is disgusted, and the disgust has grown to indifference, as a scratch can develop into a poisoning of the whole system.

What He Needs

The thing to remember about Jim's trouble is that it's never the bad people who get like that, because the bad people don't care anyway. It's the decent people who do—the ones who care, even when they say they couldn't care less.

There's hope for Jim yet. What he needs urgently is a transfusion of the good red blood of conviction from a donor who has some to spare.

That is why those who can sincerely "talk success," not only in the material things but in moral and spiritual ones as well, are such immensely valuable people.

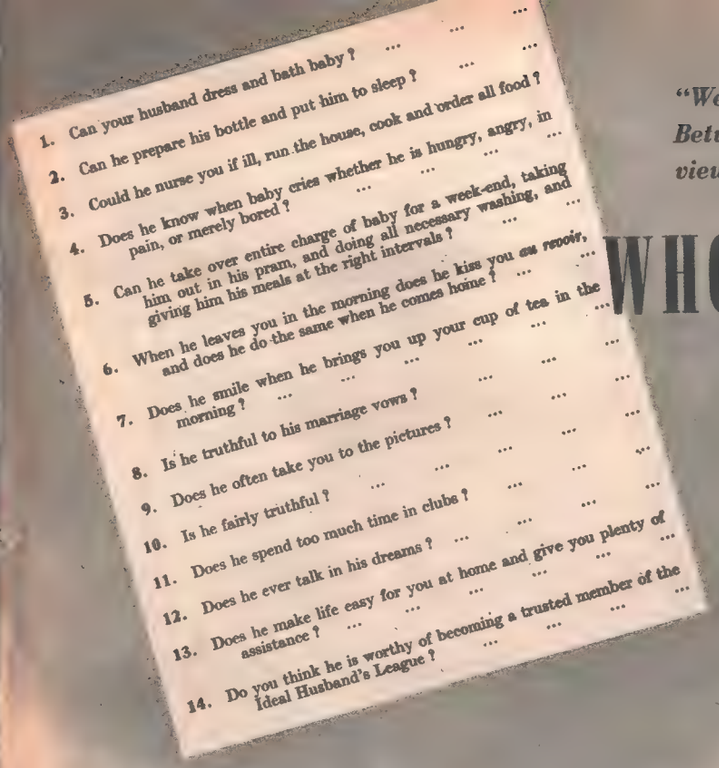
What is more, there are a lot of them about. A majority in Britain still believe in the old and tried virtues of good citizenship, honesty, fair play, all held together by a feeling that it is good to be still struggling on towards the City of God.

The trouble is that they find it difficult to get to Jim because of something in the air. It is like a fog, clamping down on all movement towards the fresh ideals which Jim and his kind so badly need. Its name is Materialism.

NEXT ARTICLE: Why some people merely "tick over"

"We help with the housework and like it." "We won't do it—it's sissy." Between the two lie many shades of opinion. . . . Readers' guinea-winning views on "Haloes for Husbands," John Bull's report on the Man About the House

WHO ARE THE IDEAL HUSBANDS?


1. Can your husband dress and bath baby?
2. Can he prepare his bottle and put him to sleep?
3. Could he nurse you if ill, run the house, cook and order all food?
4. Does he know when baby cries whether he is hungry, angry, in pain, or merely bored?
5. Can he take over entire charge of baby for a week-end, taking him out in his pram, and doing all necessary washing, and giving him his meals at the right intervals?
6. When he leaves you in the morning does he kiss you *au revoir*, and does he do the same when he comes home?
7. Does he smile when he brings you up your cup of tea in the morning?
8. Is he truthful to his marriage vows?
9. Does he often take you to the pictures?
10. Is he fairly truthful?
11. Does he spend too much time in clubs?
12. Does he ever talk in his dreams?
13. Does he make life easy for you at home and give you plenty of assistance?
14. Do you think he is worthy of becoming a trusted member of the Ideal Husband's League?

IF YOU EVER SEE A MAN wearing an I.H.L. badge you will know that he has a happy home and that his wife is a happy and contented woman.

We of the Ideal Husbands' League take great pleasure in helping our wives. I enclose an entrance form. Perhaps Mrs. John Bull would like to propose you for membership? — CHARLES BEAL, Hon. Secretary, Ideal Husbands' League, 95 Portsmouth Road, Woolston, Southampton.

∴ *Part of the entrance form is printed above.*—EDITOR.

* * *

VERY MUCH IN LOVE with my wife, I am proud of her youth and vitality. I want her to keep it for a good many more years, so I willingly help with the housework. We have three young children and, as we are both young ourselves, we look forward to good times together when the family is grown up. We can have those good times—if we share the hard work now.—W. R. S., Haywards Heath, Sussex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

* * *

I RISE AT 7.30 A.M., see to the boiler, get breakfast (tea and toast for wife in bed, porridge and toast for elder son and myself), then wash up and make the dining-room fire. Later, I do the shopping and sometimes the cooking.

On summer afternoons I attend to the garden, in winter to carpentry and small metal-working jobs. Generally, I also wash up after tea and supper. I am not for sale, so please don't publish my name or address.—MR. W. L., Bromley, Kent. (Full name and address enclosed.)

HALOES? KEEP THEM

AFTER READING "Haloes for Husbands" I passed it over to my husband, who was stretched out full-length on the settee, complete with pipe and slippers. After reading it he said, "Well, lass, there's no harm in hoping, but you'll never make a sissy out of me."—MRS. BARRACLOUGH, Cotton, Tadcaster.

* * *

BOTH MY WIFE AND I are eighty-one years of age and celebrated our diamond wedding in December. My wife does all the washing for three, some baking and all the cooking, also most of the shopping. If I try to help she tells me to

get out of the way and not to be a "Mary Ann." No, we've had no disagreement about sharing housework! — JAMES JACKSON, 88 Rochdale Road, Milnrow, Lancs.

HALOES? THEY EARN THEM

SO THAT WE COULD MARRY before my husband finished his studies, I volunteered to continue my office work. We decided we would pool everything and share the housework on a fifty-fifty basis. It has worked very successfully.

As soon as we obtained a house, I made a list of all household jobs, and my husband made his choice, which was: chopping wood, collecting coal and making fires, cleaning shoes, washing, cleaning two rooms, garden and heavy shopping.

We both feel complete satisfaction when we sit down in the evening and look around at a good job well done. Our thoughts are: "We just couldn't get along without each other." — MRS. B. B. B., Reigate. (Full name and address enclosed.)

* * *

MY HUSBAND, a civil servant, is always prepared to help with any household chores when he is at home—it doesn't matter whether it is scrubbing floors, making jam, cooking the Sunday dinner or washing up.

We try to share everything equally. We have the same amount of leisure, spending money and work, and I take as intelligent an interest in his work as he does in mine. We have few hard and

fast rules. It's the spirit of sharing that counts.—MRS. DIANA NORMAN, 107 Salisbury Road, Barnet, Herts.

* * *

MY HUSBAND AND I share all our chores. We have no "duties," and never say "It's your turn."

The secret is that we are always courteous to one another and take nothing for granted. We make each day an adventure in living, and we are so happy we often embrace in the middle of our chores.

Unselfishness and good manners go a very long way towards a perfect partnership in the home. — MRS. E. E. F., Manchester. (Full name and address enclosed.)

* * *

THOUGH A REGISTERED blind person, and in full-time employment, my husband fetches the coal, saws the wood, cleans the shoes and windows, and also washes up and makes the beds.

I am in part-time work and we have no children. He does not expect or receive praise for his contribution to the housework.—MRS. M. MILLWARD, 133 Carpenders Avenue, Carpenders Park, Watford, Herts.

* * *

MY HUSBAND IS A colliery fireman. He gets home from work at three o'clock in the afternoon and after he has had his dinner and one hour's sleep he looks after the children, bathes them, and gives them their supper.

Each time there has been a new baby coming he has done all the heavy washing for some months before the new arrival. When I have been in bed at these times he has had to stay off his work to look after me and our family of five. We always save enough to give us two weeks' wages at these times so that I have nothing to worry about.—MRS. ELIZABETH O'HAGAN, 95 Newton Village, Dalkeith, Midlothian.

HALOES? NOT QUITE

ARMY FATIGUES taught my husband that if a floor is wet it is clean. Though he is grand at nail-and-hammer jobs, when it comes to domestic work he is slow and painfully inefficient. No, the male is not cut out to work in the kitchen—he shines brighter in the shed.—MRS. A. W. WESTLEY, 26 Charles Arthur Street, Birmingham, 7.

* * *

MY HUSBAND is one of those willing men who invariably drop things. If he wipes a cup the handle remains in his hand. If he sweeps a room I must look for the "result" under the nearest mat.

I daren't let him go shopping. He is bound to forget the ration books in the shop. Also, he buys in bulk. The last

time I asked him to get me a few brussels sprouts he brought back sixteen pounds. He is understanding and kind; but no domestic animal. — MRS. D. SURRIDGE, Giraud, 418 Bromley Road, Bromley, Kent.

HALOES? BETTER WITHOUT

I HAVE ABOUT THE BEST HUSBAND in the world but didn't appreciate him until we were divorced and remarried. I have always worked since we were first married in 1934. Now I have finally left off work and expect my first baby in May.

My advice to young wives is to go to work if they wish for the first year or two but not to carry on too long. Since I left off working I have more time to devote to my husband, and my only regret is that I did not do so before.—MRS. C. A. P., Tunbridge Wells. (Full name and address enclosed.)

* * *

I MARRIED AN EXCELLENT handyman. He cooks marvellously, is good at sewing, can even knit his own socks. In consequence we are always quarrelling, for he insists on showing me how everything should be done.

I contend that a woman should be the dictator in the home. If ever I marry again it will be a man who can't even make a cup of tea.—MRS. W. KNOWLES, 3 Highfield Cottage, May Bank, Newcastle, Staffs.

* * *

MY HUSBAND CAN MAKE a good cup of tea, make beds, and mend things. But if he would only make *love* occasionally I wouldn't worry about the chores.—MRS. P. H. W., Hants. (Full name and address enclosed.)

FREE SPEECH

In this week's letters... Complaint from a factory; good news from a meter watcher; mystery of the missing cats

I WORK IN A TEXTILE machinery factory. Every worker is on output bonus, but the shop is a discontented one. The reason is that the timing of operations is continually being changed to the workers' disadvantage.

Each manual operation is timed by stopwatch checkers, and a rate of payment for output assessed. Anxious to increase their bonus, workers naturally put all they've got into the job and work faster. But, as speed increases, the stopwatch men get busy and a new assessment is given. So, instead of profiting by the increased output, the workers are in fact being punished for it.

Work that months ago would have earned a bonus now earns only the basic rate. Miners and many other workers get paid by results, without constant checking. That is the only way to more production.—A. F. LEES, Oldham. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Register Chiropodists

AS IT IS LIKELY that chiropody will eventually come into the State Medical Service, it is time a national register was made of trained and fully qualified chiropodists.

At present anyone can practise chiropody either completely untrained or after "qualifying" by a few postal lessons! This barbaric state of affairs has gone on long enough. — "CHIROPODIST," Sunderland. (Full name and address enclosed.)

It Saves Your Pocket, Too

I USED TO WONDER how people who were ordinarily careful about switching off could save more fuel by watching the meter. I tried it for the last two quarters of 1947, and find that compared with the same period of 1946 I saved 11,600 cubic feet of gas and 1,445 units of electricity.

Apart from the satisfaction of proving that a housewife can really help in fuel reduction, I am better off to the tune of £7 8s. 2d. — MRS. V. PAGET, 91 Waddington Avenue, Great Barr, Birmingham.

This Cure's a Scream

FEELING "NERVY," I visited my doctor and told him I felt as though I could scream for no reason at all.

"An excellent idea," he said. "Why don't you?" It was the last straw. I just screamed and screamed, while he looked on with an encouraging smile, telling me to get it out of my system. When I had finished screaming we wished each other good day, and I left his consulting room—absolutely cured.

To other feminine readers suffering from "nerves," I say: Don't bottle up your feelings. Scream your way to good health. — MRS. E. H., Nechells, Birmingham, 7. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Number, Please

LOCAL AUTHORITIES SHOULD make the numbering of town houses compulsory. Callers waste hours looking for names, many of which are obscured. After dark, there is little to distinguish "The Limes" from "The Laurels."

If all the rooms in a big hotel had names instead of numbers, just imagine the guests trying to find their way around! By all means give your house a name, but help others to find it by giving it a number, too—and put it on the front gate if you have one, please.—G. O. CRAWFORD, Hartshorn, Ash, Surrey.

*** A useful suggestion, Mr. Crawford. What's your number?*—EDITOR.

An Election *Won't* Be Held

AS MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS are due next November, both Tory and Labour councillors in Battersea have decided that a by-election in the Broomwood Ward, following the death of a councillor, would be a "waste of time and money."

By what right do two local parties agree to disenfranchise a whole ward for ten months? Both must be sharply rapped over the knuckles by their national headquarters. In a free democracy, by-elections must be held, no matter what the cost.—MRS. H. L. AUSTEN, 25 Tregarvon Road, Battersea, London, S.W.11.

Oh, Johnny! Oh!

THOUGH I AM A REGULAR reader of JOHN BULL and admire its interesting features, I cannot understand why you continue to give space to the comic strip "Oh, Johnny!"

The jokes through which Johnny laboriously capers were hoary old chestnuts in grandfather's day, and as a character he bears no relation to any recognizable type. A comic character does not, of course, have to be rational or behave according to normal standards, and I should be the last to complain on these grounds if Johnny were at all funny. But he isn't. He is depressingly unfunny.

We have seen him as a sort of idiot child, as a shrewd little man, as a harassed husband. One week he is leaping off his mattress to get his head wedged in the ceiling, another week he buys his wife roller skates so that she can wear a hobble skirt.

One is left with a sense of exasperation best summed up in the rejoinder "So what?" I wonder whether other readers share my irritation. — MRS. V. A., Reading, Berks. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Hands off Haggis

AS A SCOT, I AM RESIGNED to England taking things from us. You have taken our coal, our beef, our potatoes, our whisky and our footballers. But recent Press reports about a new taste acquired by the English fill me with foreboding.

You can laugh at it, sneer at it, joke about it, if you like, but please, please, keep your hands off our beloved haggis. — JOHN L. BREWSTER, 91 Chalmers Street, Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland.

Spur for Miners

I WONDER IF THE National Coal Board would consider awarding a "Colliery Cup" for the best production in individual pits.

Smaller pits could have the same chance as larger ones if the award were worked out on a proportional basis.—A. T. ANDREWS, 1 Woodland Terrace, Partington, near Manchester.

Early Birds Aren't Surly

ON EARLY-MORNING BEAT in the police force, I noticed that early workers were the cheeriest folk imaginable. There was always a friendly greeting and a smile.

Now I'm an office worker, from nine till five, and mix with the seething masses of black-coated workers. I find them a thoroughly nasty lot—ill-mannered and bad-tempered. Give me the early birds! —EX-POLICEMAN, Welling, Kent. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Men Behind Bars

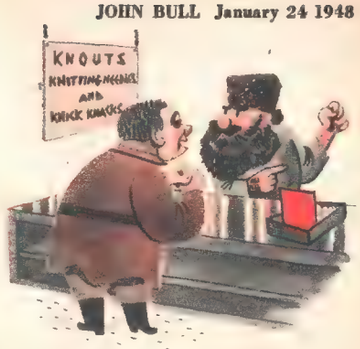
WHY CROSSBARS on men's bicycles? A great saving in steel tubing could be effected by making only a standard model on the lines of the present "lady's" machine. The crossbar today has no great structural advantage. — A. ARCHER, 202 Canal Side, Trent Road, Beeston, Notts.

"Gin-ger!"

HAS A ROUND-UP OF ginger cats started? A few days before Christmas mine vanished—and so did his similarly coloured feline pal. A friend of mine has just written to tell me that her ginger cat, too, unaccountably vanished about Christmas time.

She suggests that spivs have started a round-up to make the furs into coats.—MRS. M. JACOBS, 5 Bespham Drive, Meols, Wirral, Cheshire.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean the Editor has overlooked them. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry full name and address of sender (preferably, though not necessarily, for publication)



with my feet up

Under the Iron Counter

A NEWSPAPER TELLS ME that now Russia has abolished rationing and returned to uncontrolled trading, shop assistants have had to be given a slight kick in the till.

The Russian Minister for Trade has said that there must be re-training of shop assistants "who have become accustomed to the 'mechanical distribution' of goods." He went on: "Salesmen must now show initiative in improving their work and satisfying their customers' demands."

This means that from now on the shop assistant must not simply bang down the bare rations on the counter and then resume his interrupted reading of the comic strip in *Pravda*. He must actually be polite and persuade people to buy things.

For instance, Ivan Droptastitch goes into the local store and says, "I want a knout."

"Most certainly, tovarich," smiles the assistant. "We have a number of excellent models and all off coupons now."

"I want one with knobs on," says Ivan. "It is for beating my wife."

"Ah, I have the very thing here."

He calls Olga Tchechornia, the lovely assistant from the shock troops' underwear counter, and beats her fiercely for a few minutes.

"I'll take two," says Ivan.

"Thank you indeed, commissar," beams the assistant. "Perhaps I could interest you in this convenient knout rack for hanging behind the bedroom door."

"No thanks," says Ivan. "But I'd like a sack of quicklime—just in case I go too far. The State incinerator at the end of the road is quite hopeless since the stoker joined the Committee of Compulsory Culture."

"Can I show you anything else?"

"A present for my little son Ivanski."

"An armoured train, perhaps? Or a toy atom bomb?"

"He is not yet old enough. A doll, please."

"Ah, he would like our 'Great Men' series. Here is a doll representing Mr. Molotov. It leans back and its eyes close."

"Does it say 'Little Father'?"

"Oh no, nothing so old fashioned. When pressed it says 'No.'"

So Ivan buys one and is delighted to have found the shop assistant so helpful and courteous. Just like they are in Britain.

by Ian Fox

OH, JOHNNY! **by TIM**

THE MURDER RAP

by GILBERT THOMAS

A thief is a thief—but Johnny Reserve had been let down, and Inspector Fearon believed in a square deal. . . . John Bull story based on the radio play of the same name

Sandra looked him full in the face. "Whatever you do I'll wait for you again," she said

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

THE CLAMOUR OF THE door bell was so insistent that Toni, sprawled on the divan doing her nails, looked up with a frown. "See who it is, Snake," she said.

Snake grunted, put down his magazine and went into the hall. He opened the door and stood on the threshold menacing the lean stranger who had just taken his thumb off the bell.

"Watcher want?" asked Snake rudely.

The other didn't bat an eyelid. "I want to see Jessop."

"He ain't in."

"In that case I'll wait."

Snake loomed over him "I said he ain't in." Their eyes met. Snake's eyes fell first. Toni came into the hall. She held her fingers stiff and apart to let the varnish dry. "What do you want to see Jessop for?"

"That's my business." The lean man looked at her appreciatively. "Are you Jessop's girl?"

Toni's face froze. "Any objection?"

The man smiled at her. "None at all. Mr. Jessop's a lucky man. What's he call you?"

"Toni," she said, instinctively patting her blonde hair.

"Well, Toni, where's Jessop?"

"What do you want to know for? Who are you?"

Almost deprecatingly the man said, "I'm Inspector Fearon from Scotland Yard." Snake started. Fearon turned on him. "I thought your face was familiar."

Snake was looking down at the carpet, mumbling, "I ain't done nothing." But Toni asked, "Why do you want Jessop?"

"I've got news for him. Where is he?"

It was Toni who answered. "He's gone out."

"So I see. Where?"

"I don't know."

"Do *you* know where he is, Snake?" Snake shuffled his feet. "No."

"You're lying, Snake," Fearon said calmly, "but never mind. Just tell Jessop that Johnny's out!"

Snake started as though a pin had been dug into him. "Johnny!"

"Yes. Johnny Reserve escaped from prison last night." Before either Snake or Toni could say anything, the inspector had stepped from the hall and shut the door behind him.

"Who's Johnny Reserve you're all so excited about?" asked Toni. Snake didn't budge. He looked at her thoughtfully. "I ain't excited, but Jessop will be. They did a job together two years ago and Johnny went inside for it."

"Why didn't Jessop?"

"He was clever enough not to get caught!" Snake reached for his hat. "I guess I'd better let him know."

Toni's eyes narrowed. "You said you didn't know where Jessop was."

"I don't, but I've got a pretty good idea."

Toni stared at the door after it had shut behind him, her eyes pricking with tears.

JESSOP mixed two cocktails and carried them over to the sofa. He handed one to the redhead, who took it without a word. He sat down beside her, as near as he dared. Her expressionless face gave him no encouragement.

"This apartment, Sandra," he said. "You can do better than this." He waved a fat hand round the rather shabby room.

Sandra drank her cocktail in one gulp. "It's good enough." As she leaned forward to put the empty glass on the low table between them, her red hair touched his face. With a sharp exclamation he put his own glass down untouched and seized her by the shoulders.

"Sandra, you know I'm crazy about you."

"What am I supposed to do about it?" She could feel his breath on her face, but she didn't draw back.

"You could—reciprocate," he said, taunted by her proximity.

"I could."

Her eyes met his coolly. Jessop started to hope, but she said, "What about Johnny Reserve?"

Jessop let go of her. "He's inside, isn't he?" he said impatiently.

"Not for more than eighteen months if he behaves himself."

"That'll make nearly four years, Sandra. Four years is a long time. Look, you don't have to bury yourself here. I can give you a good time."

But Sandra wasn't convinced. "Before he went inside, Johnny told Luke and Morgan to hang around. The boys have got a kinda brief to look after me. If Johnny knew you were playing about behind his back he wouldn't like it much."

Jessop drained his glass. The warmth of the liquor spread over his chest. "I'm not frightened of Johnny."

"I daresay. But Johnny took the rap, don't forget. I owe him something when he comes out, same as you do."

"I haven't forgotten, Sandra," said Jessop quickly. "Johnny's share's okay with me." He moved closer, his arm resting on the back of the sofa. The aura of richness and success which hung about him seemed to envelop the redhead. She leaned against him.

"I could certainly use some ready, Jessop."

He answered thickly, "My God, Sandy, you can have all the ready you want. Look, I'm not mean, and the gang and Johnny need never know."

SANDRA put an arm round his neck. "You're not a bad bloke at that, Jessop." He turned his head so that he could kiss her lips. There was a loud and continuous knocking on the door. Their parting was abrupt and ridiculous.

"Who's that?" Jessop was on his feet.

Sandra lit a cigarette. "How do I know?"

The knocking continued. "I'd better see who it is." Sandra got up and went over to the door. Jessop followed. Snake almost fell into the room.

"What the devil do you mean by coming round here like this?" said Jessop so furiously that Snake quailed.

"But boss, it's urgent."

Sandra looked annoyed. "Who is this great oaf?"

Jessop was impatient. "He's my man." He turned on him. "Go on, beat it, Snake." Instead, Snake closed the door. "It's the police, boss."

Jessop looked at him sharply. "The police? What about them?"

"They called soon after you'd gone out."

"They?"

"Fearon."

At this name Jessop jerked his head forward. "Fearon? What did he want?"

Sandra said nothing. She looked from one to the other as they spoke.

"He said he had some news which might interest you." Snake gave a chuckle. "I'll say it will."

"What sort of news?"

"Johnny Reserve's out."

"Out? When?"

"Last night." Snake was enjoying his small moment of triumph. "Well, I'd better be going. This ain't going to be no healthy place soon. Not when Johnny gets here, and the cops." He opened the door. Jessop made a move to follow him but Sandra put her hand on his arm. Her eyes danced.

"What's the hurry, Jessop? Scared?"

Jessop turned on her. "I've told you. I'm not frightened of Johnny." Snake, who was out in the corridor, turned

round. "Well, I'm glad it ain't me mucking about with Johnny Reserve's girl, that's all."

Jessop glowered after him. He seemed on edge. In the doorway he paused.

"Well, if Johnny wants his cut, you get in touch with me, eh?"

Sandra gave him a look. "I expect Johnny'll get in touch with you himself." Jessop hesitated. He looked nervously over his shoulder, then back at Sandra.

"And Sandy. . . ."

"Yes?"

"You needn't tell Johnny about my being here."

"Johnny needn't know if I don't want him to," she said.

Jessop's tone was wheedling. "And you don't, do you?" She stared at him, her face once more expressionless. "I reckon Johnny got out just in time."

The door shut. Sandra went back to the table where the drinks were, and poured herself one. As she raised the glass to her lips she smiled and her smile was very soft and sweet. When the phone went it didn't startle her. She lifted the receiver at the very first ring—as though she had been expecting it.

JESSOP let himself into his flat with his own key. Snake followed. They hadn't spoken a word since they left the redhead. Toni, leaning against the mantelpiece, eyed Jessop coldly. "If you want me to walk out," she said, "you've only to say so."

Jessop was in no mood for scenes. He spoke shortly. "I had to see Sandra. She's Johnny's girl. Johnny was a friend of mine who's busted out of jail. I had to see Sandra on business."

Toni went up to him. "You're lying. You didn't know Johnny was out till after you'd left."

Jessop was momentarily stumped. "Oh, for Pete's sake!" he said. Snake, who hadn't time for scenes, put the question which mattered. "What are you going to do about Johnny Reserve, boss?"

"Do about him? I'm not going to do anything."

"He'll want some ready."

Jessop tried to sound convincing. "Johnny doesn't need to worry about his cut. It's there okay, only it'll take time, that's all, a big sum like that." As he finished speaking the doorbell rang. It was Fearon. He came into the room with his hat on. Jessop eyed him with hostility, but it was hostility mixed with relief.

"Well, what do you want, Inspector?"

Fearon took off his hat and sat down.

"Did you get my message?" he asked.

"Message?" Jessop affected not to understand.

"About Johnny." Fearon was suddenly serious. "Jessop, I'm warning you. There's going to be a nasty mess if Johnny catches up with you."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Come on, Jessop. I'm not a fool." Fearon took the drink Snake handed to him. "I know you and Johnny worked together on that job two years ago."

Jessop also took a drink. "So what?"

"I know you split on Johnny." The inspector was speaking very quietly. "Johnny knows that. That's why he busted out when he saw the chance. He's out to get you, Jessop."

Jessop had gone white. "No," he said, involuntarily, as though the denial had been wrung from him. Fearon continued inexorably. "It looks like you're a goner, Jessop." Then he added, as he sipped his cocktail, "Unless, of course. . . ."

Jessop snatched at the straw. "Unless what . . . ?"

"Unless you come clean over your share in the job. We've never been able to pin it on you. Come clean, tell us what you did with Johnny's share, and I'll take you inside. You'll be safe there. Then the purpose of Johnny's escape'll be gone. We shall pick him up."

They hardly realized he'd stopped talking. There was a pause. Fearon finished his drink and stood up. "Well, Jessop?" he said.

Jessop swallowed his drink and, with some show of bravado, stepped forward and thrust his face close to the inspector's. "I'll see you damned first."

Fearon shrugged his shoulders, put his hat on and left without a word.

Johnny Reserve had been in Sandra's apartment half an hour. Their greeting had been perfunctory because Luke and Morgan were there. Sandra gave a little shudder of longing for the moment when they'd be gone. But now Luke was asking the question she hadn't had an opportunity to ask.

"What do you aim to do, Johnny?"

"What I broke out for." Johnny helped himself to a drink from the low table. "Where's Jessop?"

Luke was noncommittal. "He's around."

"He got my cut?"

"I don't know."

Johnny said into his glass, "Ten thousand."

Morgan whistled. "Ten thousand smackers." He felt he had to say something.

"What else?" asked Sandra, knowing the answer.

Johnny's lips tightened. "Take care of Jessop."

"But Johnny," said Luke, leaning forward, "every busy in town'll be on your tail. Let Morgan and me take care of him."

"Yeah," said Morgan.

Because Johnny didn't answer Luke warmed to his theme. "You ain't got time to go fooling around with Jessop. Collect and get out. That's what you gotta do. Besides, Fearon'll be looking for you again, you know that. Fearon ain't a dumb cluck exactly?"

MENTION of the inspector's name seemed to bring Johnny out of his reverie. "Fearon, yes," he said reflectively. "He never got in my hair for some reason."

Luke thought he'd made his point. "Shall we take care of Jessop for you, then, Johnny, after he's given you your cut? We can do that, can't we, Morgan?"

The idea seemed to appeal to Morgan. "We'll do that for you, boss."

Johnny stared at them for a moment. "I said I'll do it. That's what I came out for."

Luke saw that he and Morgan weren't wanted any more. There was Sandra who hadn't said anything. Luke got up and, followed by Morgan, went over to the door. "You want us to stick around, boss?"

Johnny nodded. "Yeah, and find out where Jessop hangs out."

Luke said slyly, "Why not ask Sandra?"

When they'd gone Johnny got up and went over to the redhead. As he took her in his arms, Sandra shuddered again, and her surrender killed the implication behind Luke's remark stone dead. Johnny took his lips off her mouth and said, "So Jessop's been around, then."

There was no point in concealing anything. "That's right, Johnny."

"Why?"

"I guess he's sweet on me."

Johnny let go of her and went over to the table where the drinks were. He didn't sound narked, just interested. "Sweet on you?" he repeated.

"I guess so."

He handed her a drink. "Then that's fine. That's just fine."

Sandra frowned. "You got an idea, then, Johnny?"

"Yeah." He sat down and turned the glass round and round in his fingers. "Jessop's no fool. If he thinks I'm going to take care of him, then he'll get the money wrapped up some place where I can't get it. Ten thousand smackers isn't chicken feed, Sandy, and I don't go sticking my neck out till I've got my share."

He stopped speaking. Sandra felt it was her turn. "What do you want me to do?" she asked.

But he countered this question with another. "Do you think Jessop's crazy enough about you to believe that as long as I get my ten grand I'll forget he sent me inside?"

She didn't answer at once.

"Can you make him believe that, honey?" said Johnny eventually. Sandra remembered Jessop twisting his head so that he could kiss her on the mouth. "I guess I can," she said.

Johnny flicked his fingers as though the whole matter were already in the bag. "Okay. Tell him to be at the top of Archer Street in his car at three o'clock tomorrow morning with the money. It'll be collected." Sandra looked at her watch, then at Johnny.

"Yeah, I know," he said. "You've got to work fast."

She went over to the phone and began to dial a number. "And *will* you forget he sent you inside?" she asked over her shoulder.

Johnny's mouth twitched unpleasantly. "What do you think?" he said.

Archer Street was deserted when Big Ben struck the hour. Then two shadows moved in a doorway and a shaft of light from a street lamp fell across Johnny's face. "Jessop's late," he said.

Luke grunted. "I could use a cigarette."

"And have Jessop take a pot shot at you. Don't be a fool."

THEY waited. About twenty past, a big open sports car swung round the corner and pulled up not far from the doorway. The driver switched off the lights. Johnny and Luke slipped out of the dark recess and came up, one each side of the car. "Okay," said Johnny easily. "Did you bring it with you, Jessop?"

The driver turned. Luke snarled. "This ain't Jessop."

Johnny's lips tightened. "Where's Jessop?" he asked the man.

"Jessop ain't coming."

"Who are you?"

"I'm Snake."

This didn't seem to upset Johnny at all. He continued easily. "You got what you were told to bring?"

Snake reached down into the car. "Yeah, ten grand."

Johnny took the packet. "Okay," he said. "Why didn't Jessop come?"

Somehow it wasn't nearly so bad as Snake had expected. "He said to tell you he couldn't make it. He said it didn't matter so long as. . . ."

Snake stopped. Something in Johnny's manner stopped him. Johnny was speaking again. "Tell Jessop, when you see him, tell Jessop he's got it coming to him."

He leant forward and hit Snake hard across the face, twice. It was so unexpected that Snake could only splutter through his cut lips. Luke, who was in tune with Johnny's mood, stepped up on the running-board and hit him behind the right ear with the butt end of his gun. Snake fell forward, banging his nose on the steering wheel.

SANDRA finished counting the pile of notes which lay on the table. Johnny stubbed out his cigarette. "All there, Sandy?"

She smiled. "All there. Ten grand."

"Nicely, Sandy. You did your stuff with Jessop all right. Good girl." He smiled back and Sandra's heart warmed. Before the smile was off his face the door opened and Fearon strolled into the room. They were so surprised that nobody said anything. They just stared. After several seconds a gun appeared in Johnny's hand. "You don't know what's good for you, inspector," he said tersely.

Fearon kicked the door to with his heel and sat down on the arm of a chair. "Relax," he said. "There's no one with me."

"You wouldn't be so screwy." This remark came from Luke. Johnny put his gun away. For some reason he felt foolish while he was holding it. Luke, meanwhile, had recovered a bit.

"Let me give it to him, Johnny," he said, feeling for his gun.

Johnny shook his head. "No sense breaking a cop in two, Luke."

Luke subsided.

"Snake." The inspector was saying, "You made a bit of a mess of Snake, didn't you?"

"What do you know about him?"

"Only that he was at Archer Street

Continued on page 21

THIS WEEK'S COVER

KENNETH INNS, who painted this week's cover, has good cause to curse teachers who set excessive homework. "It's not the boys who feel the brunt of it," he says. "Boys are crafty as a cartload of monkeys, and get their hard-working fathers to slog through Latin grammar and logarithm tables." Inns speaks from the heart. As father of a ten-year-old boy, he's catching up fast on long-forgotten book-larnin'.

Answers to Quiz on Page 14

SUPERLATIVES. (1) Empire State, New York, 1,248 feet; Palace of the Soviets, Moscow, to be 1,300 feet. (2) England—East Finchley to Morden, 17½ miles. (3) No; *Queen Elizabeth* is biggest but *Queen Mary* holds the record. (4) Greenland—827,300 square miles.

COINAGE. (1) Yes, 5,501 specimen sets were minted in 1937. (2) No, all-cupro-nickel. (3) (*a*) Double florins; (*b*) groats. (4) Gas and electric slot meters; the severe weather last winter tied them up more than usual.

LEFT-WING. (1) From the practice of certain Continental legislatures where the more liberal or democratic members sat to the left of the president, the more conservative to the right. (2) 1900 (under the name of Labour Representation Committee). (3) Fabius, a Roman general who was famed for wariness and caution. (4) A group of Labour M.P.s who signed a declaration urging the present Government to follow a more socialistic policy.

FAMOUS WOMEN. (1) Because she became blind, deaf and dumb at the age of nineteen months. (2) Mme Marie Curie, who isolated radium. (3) Mrs. William Shakespeare (Anne Hathaway). (4) Rumania (Anna Pauker).

"Design for elegance

Excelsior corsetry subtly enhances the elegant lines of the more matronly figure, whilst still giving the necessary support.

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C8A

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

Continued from page 18

at three fifteen this a.m." Johnny shot him a look. "You saw?"

Fearon nodded.

"What do you want?" Johnny asked.

The inspector was a few seconds before replying. "That's what I came round to talk to you about, Johnny."

There was nobody else in it at all. Just Johnny and the inspector.

"Then talk fast," said Johnny.

"All right." Fearon was suddenly businesslike. "First—Jessop's not worth the murder rap, and you know it."

"He sent me inside for four years," said Johnny woodenly.

"You haven't got a chance. I've had Jessop's place watched. He's moving out, Johnny. I can't stop him."

"I can, by God!" So far the talk had been quiet, almost conversational. Now Johnny hit the table with the palm of his hand. Morgan, Luke and the red-head all started.

"I've got a better idea," said Fearon easily. He took a cigarette out of his case while he spoke. "I want you to come round with me, Johnny, and pay a social call on friend Jessop. I want you to help me persuade him to admit that he worked with you on that job four years ago."

Silence. This suggestion, coming from a dick, was novel, startling. "What are the snags?" asked Johnny in a low voice.

Fearon made no bones about it. "You'll have to go back inside, but it won't be for long. You busted out, of course, but if you help put Jessop away, I'll see they know that."

Johnny was looking at the floor. "What guarantee have I got?"

Fearon shrugged. "My word, for what it's worth."

There was a pause. Johnny looked at the others. "What about it, boys?"

Luke couldn't contain himself any longer. His distrust was inherent. "Don't do it, Johnny. Fearon's a cop. He's out to get you, that's all. Let Morgan and me take care of him now."

Johnny's eyes flicked to where Sandra was still sitting at the table. "Sandra?"

She looked him full in the face. Her voice was unsteady. "Whatever you do, Johnny, I'll wait for you again."

He gave no indication which way her statement had tilted the scales. The inspector appeared to take it for granted. He threw his cigarette into the grate and walked over to the door.

As he passed the table his eyes rested incuriously for a moment on the pile of money there.

JESSOP took a last look round the flat and his eyes lit on the whisky bottle. There was a good-sized double left. He poured it out, shot a quantity of soda into it, and drank it off at a gulp. He looked at his watch. In five minutes Toni would have the car round at the back. He'd go down the fire escape. It was as simple as that.

When the doorbell started ringing, he gave a little gasp and felt his stomach turn over. Before his paralysed tongue could speak he heard Fearon's voice.

"Jessop! Open the door or I'll break it down!" The detective was drumming on the door with his foot.

The clamour shot through Jessop's head. "All right," he said. "I'm coming."

Fearon came into the room, leaving the door open. He looked round. "Going away, Jessop?"

"No, no. I . . . that is. . . ."

There was a movement in the passage and Johnny Reserve came in. Jessop went white, then began to speak in jerky, panic-stricken sentences. "Inspector, no, you can't. Johnny, it wasn't me, I swear it. I'll make it worth your while. Inspector, you've got to take Johnny inside."

Johnny's reaction was violent. He leaned forward and hit Jessop hard on

Continued on page 22

CASH, CHAIRS, RADIOS, FOOD...

"EXCELLENT!" said reader A. B. Tokelove of Highbridge when his *Bullets* Armchair arrived. "Tip-top" was the word used by reader T. G. Godfrey of Leicester to describe his *Bullets* Radio. "Delighted!" said reader E. M. Bate, Bucknall, when he opened his 14-lb. Food Parcel.

All those good things, with others also, accompany the shower of cheques awaiting good *Bullets* this week. And one of the efforts you enter on the coupon from this page can bring you this week's £300 First Prize, with choice of extra award.

On Friday, February 13, a golden Joy Wire will bring to some reader JOHN BULL's congratulations on capturing this splendid 2-in-1 prize. Just as those Food Parcels illustrated are packed with care and dispatched in good time, choose the words for your *Bullets* carefully, post your entry by Monday, February 2, without fail and there is no reason why that thrilling First Prize message should not come to you!

Busy packing 14-lb. parcels of good things for *Bullets* homes. You can win one!

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BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated February 21, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

DON'T FORGET THAT LABEL!

Hundreds of readers have yet to see a copy of *Bullets Bulletin* and *Crossword Gazette*, yet thousands of pounds in *Bullets* and Crossword prizemoney were won last year with its aid.

"Don't forget that *Bulletin* label!" advised J. L. Steel, recent £300 winner. Well, your label awaits you below.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Half The World
In Austerity's Blizzard
Plodding Along
Homeless
Marshall's Lifeline
Something Missing
Tells Us Why
To Lighten The Darkness
Friend In Need
Can't Grumble
Sad Story
Whitehall Machinery
Judge And Jury
On A Pedestal
It Looked Lovely, But
To Satisfy Sonny
Precious Little
All Over The Shop
Radio Comedian
When The Hooter Went

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

Bad For.....
Wouldn't Be.....
The Official.....And
.....Part
Haunting.....
Anxious To.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,614 (or XWORD 566)
"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

Cash and Parcels

THIS WEEK—VALUE UP TO £100 First Prize

Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up—Big Surprise Parcel from Selfridges with each prize value £1 or over.

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues — **XWORD 566**

1. Unlikely to be really big if it's to be posted
4. One doesn't usually eat such fish
7. You may well not recognize to be ginger
11. Whilst certain conditions last, it's sometimes impossible to make this
13. Economic justice might conceivably make these unnecessary
14. Occasionally leads to serious accident

Down Clues

1. Dose of this should only be administered with the greatest care
2. There's sometimes a stiffness about
3. Some children are apt to squeal and
5. Education can only truly succeed when teaching is real this to teachers
6. Heavy cost of this has been known to hold things up
8. House thus described was originally intended to perform one precise function
9. Farmers over here don't know what it is to suffer losses due to this
10. May be of some assistance to climber
12. Beating one can be a dirty business

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,610

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus New Year Celebration: L. Davies, 46 New Church Road, Wylde Green, Sutton Coldfield: ON SHORT COMMONS *Your* COOKER PUTTING FACTORY?

SECOND PRIZE, £25: Miss A. M. Walters, 1 Maple Avenue, Haslingden: TO THE LAST CRUMB—WORLD'S "HALF LOAF" DISPUTED!

THIRD PRIZE, £10: A. R. Tennant, 71 Caledon Road, Nottingham: MIDNIGHT STRUCK AND — BORE CONTINUED, "ANOTHER DAY——"

OTHER AWARDS: £9: J. W. Leigh, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness: BRITISH RAILWAYS — BEST—STATIONS, BEST FORGOTTEN! £8: Mrs. E. Burgess, 90 Kenyon Lane, Moston, Manchester 10: TO THE LAST WAR—*Hate* WILL FIND WAY. £7: W. L. Hoole, 24 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham: ONE GOOD CONTROL—*Easing* LIFE'S AUSTERITY, WIFE. £6: A. L. Parsons, Tytherley, Newcastle Road, Crossgate Moor, Durham: SNAPPING AND SNARLING—AT "WATCH-DOGS," PALESTINE MADMEN.

FIVE of £5: Miss M. W. M. Gladdery, 129 High Street, Maryport: ONE GOOD LAUGH—WORTH MANY SNIGGERS, COMEDIANS! A. P. Jackson, 23 Cairns Road, Beighton, Sheffield: IN A LITTLE COTTAGE—*And* FAITH'S "FORTRESS," GRANNY. L. A. Jackson, 28 Duchess Street, Belgrave, Leicester: LET LOOSE—SOON, UNLESS PRISONERS BEHAVE! S. S. Rounce, 9 Summer Street, Stroud: WHEN TROUBLE COMES—GRANNY *Fingers* HER *Cross*. E. Sanders, 12 Truesdale Drive, Harefield: HOPEFULLY—"EAT *Your* CHOCOLATE, DADDY!"

Above Prizes, from £25 to £5, each accompanied by New Year Gift. 25 of 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons and 1,500 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

TWO SHARE £100 XWORD No. 562

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS: 1, Foe. 2, Leg. 6, Slack. 8, Pain. 13, Horses. 14, Hot.

DOWN: 1, Flats. 3, Kin or Tin. 4, Morn. 5, Wax. 7, Ales. 9, Waits. 10, Cash. 11, Toys. 12, Poet.

TWO £100 SHARERS (differing at one point only from competitors' Answers above): L. Drinkwater, Barnby Don, Doncaster; Mrs. E. E. Hand, 65 Beauclais Drive, Liverpool, 15. Winners receive 14-lb. Surprise Parcels in addition.

RUNNERS-UP AWARD (value £25) shared between 28 entrants (differing at two points only from Answers above).

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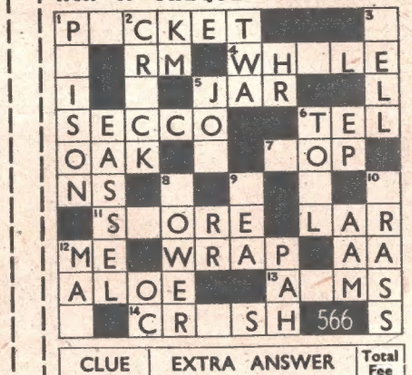

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
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566 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 2

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated Feb. 14.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

BETTER TO MAKE THAN TO OWN

"Someone will help . . . people are very kind on the road"

GETTING UP INTO the loft the other evening to adjust the ball-cock on the cistern, I looked around at all the odds and ends we've accumulated up there during the years we've been living here, and thought of Lewis Carroll's White Knight.

Of all the brave warriors of fiction, he's my favourite. Like me, he believed in being thoroughly equipped. Other knights might set out on their adventures clad in a suit of plain armour and carrying a mere sword and lance and feel they had all they needed. But not the White Knight.

He, you remember, rode out equipped for *all* emergencies—with, among other things, a beehive, a set of fire-irons, a bunch of carrots, and a mousetrap tied to his saddle.

We'd Have a Grand Time

What endeared the White Knight to me more than anything else were those anklets of his own invention, strapped round his horse's legs to guard it against shark-bites.

If the White Knight were alive today I'm sure he and I would have a grand time together, inspecting the equipment on my old car; though I doubt if even he could think of anything I've forgotten. Although my present petrol allowance permits me only a few strictly business miles a month, I can't bear to be without a single item of my equipment.

After spending my most impressionable years working in garages I know how many different ways a car can break down. And I know it's just as likely to break down in a short run as in a long one.

So it's only common sense to have everything with you at all times—even if the mass of tools and spares leaves no room for passengers on the back seat.

Only I Know What's What

I feel sure the White Knight would approve of my dashboard, too. Being a very early model of the cheapest possible make, the car was a mere skeleton when I bought it, with a dashboard as bare as Salisbury Plain. But, year by year, I've added gadget after gadget, each with its separate switch, until now the dashboard is covered in switches.

And the underlying beauty of it, as the White Knight would appreciate, is that only I know which switch is which. Anybody accustomed to a mere standard model would have the devil of a time.

But although this sort of thing is good fun on a car or on a boat, or, as in the White Knight's case, on a horse, where you've got all kinds of odd spots to tie, screw, strap or hang your equipment, it's much more difficult in a small house—especially a small house with a fairly large garden.

When you first move into it, bare and unadorned, there may seem to be oceans of room. But before you've collected half the gadgets you need for the garden alone—gadgets you simply must have if you're to do the decent patriotic thing and try to grow a few vegetables—the house has almost ceased to look like a respectable home. It's become little more than a store-shed for gardening implements.

But, of course, the true White Knight, although he may fall for every new gadget he can possibly afford, gets his real pleasure out of inventing and making his own. And the more home-made they look the more he loves them—like a child with a rag doll.

She Quite Shocked Me

The surprising thing is that so few women seem interested in White-Knightery. I was shocked the other day to discover that a woman friend of mine doesn't even carry so much as a jack in her car.

"Whatever do you do if you get a flat tyre?" I said.

"Ring up a garage, of course. Or someone coming along the road will help. People are very kind on the road."

It's the same in the home. With all the scope there is in the home for sliding hatches, self-opening (and shutting) doors, automatic firelighters and the like, you seldom find a woman making any of these things for herself.

And even when she's got a White Knight of a husband, eager to invent all kinds of ingenious gadgets for her, she only uses them to humour him. When he isn't looking she prefers to carry on in the old, laborious way, in the belief that it's both simpler and quicker.

Unless, of course, the gadget is something expensive and well advertised, bought at a shop and guaranteed foolproof—a claim that few White Knights would dream of making for their own inventions.

No one realizes better than a White Knight that his own brain-child, as a rule, works only at the master's touch; and perhaps not invariably then. The joy and wonder of it, of course, is that it works at all. But few women seem to appreciate that.

I'm inclined to think that a woman's substitute for White-Knightery is pride of possession—which probably makes her so willing to accept shop-bought gadgets as distinct from those her husband may invent.

As Long As It's Pretty

She accepts the present of a new patent coffee percolator, for instance, in much the same spirit as her grandmother accepted the new china ornament for the parlour mantelpiece. She may have her doubts about its power to produce better coffee, but if it's nicely chromium-plated she knows it's going to look pretty on the kitchen shelf.

And it's at this point that my own pleasure in White-Knightery ends and the pains begin to come on—the point at which a gadget ceases to be a delightful new toy and becomes a lump of dull, dead property; something that has to be looked after and taken care of.

The happiest White Knight I ever knew was an eye-specialist I met in Chicago. He was a leading man in his profession—the kind of specialist patients cross the Atlantic to consult. But if you wanted to see him at work on his life's delight you had to go down with him to the bench he'd fitted up in his cellar—where he made trick matchboxes, the kind that open only when you touch the hidden spring.

The secret of his happiness, I feel sure, was that he was never able to keep the boxes. Visitors would admire the trick of a box so much that he could hardly avoid letting them keep it.

Joy Without a Price

So he never became cluttered up with a mass of boxes, property to be looked after and taken care of. There was always an aching void waiting to be filled.

And that represented in little, I think, a White Knight's ideal world—a world in which a man could have all the joy of inventing, making, and perhaps using things but would never be driven by cruel necessity to undertake the dull and dreary responsibility of owning them.

Continued from page 21

the mouth. Fearon intervened sharply. "Watch that, Johnny." Then he turned to the other. "Jessop, we're wasting time. You know what I want you for. Are you going to come clean?"

"Never." Jessop seemed inspired by a last flush of courage. "You won't get it out of me this way. I tell you I had nothing to do with it. Johnny can crack a safe. I wasn't there."

Fearon didn't seem put out. He put his hands in his pockets and turned for the door. But Jessop was after him, clutching his sleeve. "Where are you going?"

The inspector shook his arm free. "Outside; to smoke a cigarette for ten minutes. Do you mind?"

Jessop looked at Johnny's lean, taut face and saw there was no mercy in it. He looked at Fearon and saw he meant what he said. He went down like a punctured balloon. "Okay, okay, I was there. I did the safe while Johnny took care of the watchman."

The inspector gave a little sigh. "And your alibi?"

"It was phoney."

Fearon indicated some paper on the table. "Okay, let's have that in writing. Johnny, see he doesn't make any mistakes."

Johnny looked disappointed. He opened his mouth to protest, but the detective's back was turned. He was at the phone dialling a number. Presently he got through and when he began to speak it was with the knowledge that the other two were listening intently to every word he said.

"Is that you, Jarvis? Fearon here. I'm at the flat now. Yes, they're both here, and we'd like a police car in about twenty minutes." He paused and added as an afterthought, "Oh, and if the doc's on duty he might like to come with you. There's someone who's been—knocked about a bit."

It was obvious that he was asked a question, for he shook his head. "No, not Johnny Reserve. Goodbye!"

He put down the receiver and remained with his back to the room.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Notice to Quit

THE following inquiry by a reader is typical of many:

"Until 1943 I was the tenant of a four-bedroomed house at a weekly rental of 27s. 6d. and was allowed to sublet. The place was then sold, and as the new owner wanted it for herself she arranged for us to go to a three-bedroomed house at a weekly rental of 30s. with a ban on subletting.

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Unless this reader has definitely agreed not to sublet, the landlady cannot prevent her from doing so. In any case, if the subletting is registered with the local council the landlady's consent is not required. The tenant cannot be compelled to quit except by court order. If the landlady applies for this, she will have to show that suitable alternative accommodation is available to the tenant.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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